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NEXT year's budget is casting a long shadow before it. The report of the Economy Committee offers one remedy—to reduce by huge sums the money we spend on the social services. We discuss in a leading article the implications of a Report which proposes to save small sums on maternity services while leaving armaments untouched. It is suggested that there should be a "National Government" or inter-party agreement for carrying out these proposals—the assumption being that the Cabinet knows them to be good but is frightened of the electorate. In other words, the Labour Government should unite with the Conservative Party to repudiate the Socialist philosophy on which it is built. Both the Labour and Liberal Parties would betray everything they stand for if their remedy in a time of difficulty is to take from the poor to make things easier for the rich. But the problem of the next budget remains. There are other alternatives—increased taxation, which is difficult but not impossible, a revenue tariff to which we may yet be driven, or a judicious method of inflation, a remedy which everyone is shy of but which needs far more careful consideration than is usually given to it.

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The German crisis has at least had the good result of causing the great Central Banks to work far more closely together. There is evidently now complete accord of policy between the Bank of England and the American Federal Reserve Board, which have a strong common interest in doing all that can possibly be done to retrieve the German position. For, if London is heavily committed in Berlin, New York is even more so, on both long and short-term account. It is good, too, that the Bank of France is collaborating in the promise of credits to London. It may not be necessary, in fact, to call these up in view of the very sensible decision to expand the fiduciary issue; but it is well to have Paris in, even reluctantly, on the side of righteousness. The initiative, however, rests with the British and American bankers; and, now that they are working together in a spirit hostile to deflation, we may hope that the foundations of international collaboration to raise the world price-level are being laid.

* * *

Foreign opinion, and especially French opinion, nevertheless remains nervous about Germany. The re-opening of the banks has had none of the untoward consequences that many had feared. But the political situation is highly unstable, and there have been renewed disorders and clashes between Nazis and Communists in Berlin and other big cities. Great anxiety is felt about the referendum which is to be taken on Sunday on the dissolution of the Prussian Diet. If this is carried it will be a smashing blow to Dr. Brüning, for his most solid support is the Socialist-Centre-Democratic coalition in Prussia. Against it are arrayed not only

the Stahlhelm, the Nazis and the Hugenberg Nationalists, but the Communists, who for their own purposes have joined themselves with the Right Wing wreckers. It is an irony that President von Hindenburg, who is opposed to the referendum, is the titular head of the Stahlhelm. The Stahlhelm leaders are apparently anxious to get rid of him together with all upholders of the present regime in the Reich. What will follow if the referendum is carried, it is impossible to foretell. The "National Government," which is the aim of the parties of the Right, would be confronted with immense difficulties; but it would pretty certainly produce immense mischief both at home and abroad—and first and foremost at home, for the Nazis and the Stahlhelm are even more bitter against the German Social Democrats than against France.

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The list of delegates to the Indian Round Table is now complete. The Government delegation is increased to nine, among whom are Sir William Jowitt and Lord Snell. There are a few interesting additions to the delegations from the Indian States and more to those from British India. Sir Ali Imam is the most prominent Moslem barrister of Behar, and Sir Muhammad Iqbal the most famous Indian poet of the epoch, in Urdu and Persian. There was a time when Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was known as a poet, in English. She ranks to-day as the most prominent woman orator in India, and she has been president of the National Congress. Dr. S. K. Datta is an able representative of the Indian Christian community. The members of the Federal Structure Committee are to assemble in London at the beginning of September; the members of the Minorities Committee are not required before the 25th. It is to be presumed that the Government will make every possible effort to push the proceedings forward during the early autumn, since all parties are anxious to avoid a repetition of last winter's experience. Mr. Gandhi is appointed a member of both committees, and although there will be many eminent members of the National Congress at the Round Table, the Mahatma alone bears the authorisation of that body. Technically, he is the Congress plenipotentiary. Two points, however, need to be kept in mind: first, that Mr. Gandhi has little or no interest in the affairs of the Federal Structure Committee, and secondly, that his coming to England must be in doubt until the actual moment of his sailing. He is due to leave on August 15th, but he is still non-committal.

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A referendum was held in Catalonia last Sunday, and resulted in an overwhelming majority in favour of the Constitution drafted by the Barcelona Government. This was expected, though a good many citizens of the "Generalitat" are but lukewarm in the cause of Separatism. The tug-of-war will come in the Cortes at Madrid, where the 43 Catalan deputies may expect to meet with strong opposition. The independence demanded by Catalonia is not so extreme as some had feared it might be. Important powers—including foreign affairs, relations of Church and State, the Army, Navy, and Air Force, customs and tariffs, the coinage, and communications—are reserved to the Central Government. But delicate and difficult questions are likely to arise in certain spheres, notably those of taxation and of labour legislation. And, apart from details, there is a general reluctance to plunge the young Republic into a scheme of half-baked federalism. A substantial measure of regional autonomy the Catalans will insist on, and the Spaniards will hardly refuse them. But if Colonel Macia and his friends press over-hard for "State rights," they may easily do damage to Catalonia as well as to Spain. The Spaniards could, if they chose, make a sad mess of Catalan trade and commerce.

* * *

The news from Russia continues to confirm the interpretation we have given of Stalin's recent speech. The problem that confronts the Soviet Government is to persuade workers who find the collective farms to their taste to return to the factory life of the towns. There is to be no compulsion, but much inducement. A decree has been issued forbidding collective farms "to detain collectivists wishing to leave as 'transfers,' more especially those possessing any qualification necessary for constructive work (mine workers, carpenters, masons, joiners, smiths)." It orders that "when women are willing and able to do all the work being done by men" they should be permitted to do so, and forbids "limitation either on the amount the collectivist can gain in piece work or the hours he works." Having thus suggested that workers on collective farms are only too anxious to get back to the towns, or to work night and day on the collectives, the official press has begun to publish reports of large numbers of "transfers," and a letter signed "Bolshevik" has been given prominence in *Izvestia* explaining how on one collective farm the number of workers has been drastically reduced: A pledge is given to allot a further 50 hands for transfer to the towns.

> In all we are sending to the factories, workshops, shafts and mines and State farms 369 transfers, which amounts to 39 per cent. of our working strength . . . . We call upon all the collectives and collectivists to follow our example and conclude agreements with industrial organisations to allot them collectivists for "transfer."

* * *

The Rostov-on-Don agricultural machinery factory offers an interesting illustration of the industrial difficulties of the Five Year Plan. This giant plant, which cost over six million pounds, is intended to produce agricultural machinery on mass production lines. The demand for its products was so great that it was allowed no time to organise itself, but had to begin production directly the buildings were ready. According to the account given in a recent number of *Za Industrializatsiyu* the results are by no means satisfactory, nor can this be wondered at when we are told that, after the factory had been equipped with the very latest machinery, it was then staffed with workers "80 per cent. of whom have never seen a factory." To this must be added the complexity of the non-stop week, which has had the result, as Stalin explained, that no one has felt responsible for the machines. Finally, the management are faced with a devastating fluidity of labour. "In May 2,061 hands signed on and 1,233 left. The main reason for this appears to be that accommodation is available for only 13 per cent. of

the workers." With such a mass movement of the workers, mass production must come off second best. We are told that "instead of the 924 hands required for the assembly conveyors" in one shift recently, only 614 showed up, and workers from other departments had to be turned on to the unaccustomed work of assembling. Russia has a long way to go before attaining its goal of Ford-like efficiency.

* * *

An ironic point in Chicago's war on Al Capone and the lesser gangsters is that the campaign was not started last year with any appearance of fervour until the killing in broad daylight of a well-known crime reporter. New York last month was provoked to more vigorous action by the shocking outrage of the shooting in a gang skirmish of children playing in the street. The American cities, it is clear, need a special appeal to sentiment; there is no force in presidential appeals for the enforcement of the laws. The shooting of the New York children has had one result which many had been expecting for some time, namely, the awakening of the American Legion, which clamours to be employed in a holy war upon the gang leaders and racketeers. They will meet with an eager response in many States, and whatever the attitude of the authorities towards the idea of using the Legion to suppress the gangs, it would seem indubitable that the United States is in for a stage of authorised Ku-Kluxism. The method is appalling, and it would be inconceivable in any other country. America, however, is used to it. Whether there is any possibility, under existing conditions, of stamping out the evil of organised terrorism is highly doubtful. But one thing is undeniable: it cannot be done without the authorities and the community facing the certainty of a further huge death roll. The Diamonds and Capones will exact their toll of life.

* * *

The Miners' International has asked the League of Nations to take the preliminary steps for the drafting of an International Minimum Wage Convention for mine-workers. Presumably this would be done through the I.L.O.; but it would certainly involve the consideration of other matters besides wages, and the Economic Section of the League would also be concerned. Of course, wages are far harder to regulate internationally than hours; and there can be no question of a uniform minimum over all the European coalfields. Dutch wages are near British, and wages in the Ruhr not much below; but Polish wages are barely half even the greatly reduced rates now paid in Great Britain. All that can be hoped for is some improvement in the countries which pay least, so as to make possible an advance in the countries whose standards are higher. The danger is that, failing a Convention, even the lowest rates may be forced down still further on account of the depression, and international competition thus intensified to the general disadvantage.

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The detailed memorandum issued this week by the Coal Mines Reorganisation Committee is thoroughly reassuring; for it shows clearly that the committee does mean to tackle the problem of colliery amalgamation on broad and inclusive lines. The ideal advanced, except perhaps for South Wales, is that of a single unified business concern for each coalfield, even all Scotland being treated for this purpose as a single unit. It is indeed recognised that it may not be possible to go quite so far as this at a single stage; but the committee evidently means to go just as far as it can. A great deal of opposition to its proposals is therefore to be expected; for colliery owners are in many cases strong individualists and the placing of a right valuation of colliery properties is admittedly a very difficult task. We should be far more assured of the committee's power to break down the opposition if ownership of the coal measures had been already transferred to the State; for divided ownership of the land is often a major business in the way of amalgamation, and the committee's hands would be greatly strengthened if it had unfettered power to revise the terms of coal leases. But it has made a good beginning, and that is half the battle.

* * *

The Liberal Summer School listened as usual to some admirable addresses. Sir Walter Layton spoke with unique authority on the international economic situation, while Mr. G. P. Gooch discussed the difficulties of democracy in a crumbling Europe, and Lord Lothian gave his intelligent, if hastily gathered, impressions of Soviet Russia. The ideas which Mr. E. H. Davenport put forward on the subject of national investment and the socialisation of power, fuel and transport were of real importance, and we hope to publish them in considerable detail in a coming number of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. On the general question of the position of the Liberal Party, the Summer School made no obvious advance. Liberals can fairly claim credit for having kept the Tories out, for having prevented an indiscriminate Conservative tariff and ensuring the continuance of a sane international and Indian policy. But what of the future? Unless the Alternative Vote becomes law—which seems improbable—Liberals can scarcely hope to return in sufficient numbers after the next election to retain their present very powerful "balancing" position. They would be lucky in an election to-day to win twenty-five seats, while, if a large number of Liberal candidates stood, they would probably "split the progressive vote" in many constituencies and so let in a considerable number of unnecessary Tories. So the time to reconsider their independent position seems to be now.

* * *

One point that arises from the Kylsant trial may be freely discussed. Mr. H. J. Morland has been acquitted of any criminal offence in following the established tradition of his profession, and for doing not only what the President of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants but apparently every other auditor in the country would have done in similar circumstances. It is not easy to see why he was ever charged. But the question whether the traditions of the profession are satisfactory remains. Reputable auditors are clearly less of a safeguard for investors than we used to imagine. The right course is to set up a strong departmental or other committee to examine the function and practice of auditing.

FALSE ECONOMY

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, as we all know, will have a hard task to balance his budget next spring, and there is not much to give him comfort in the recommendations of the Economy Committee that exploded last week. This Committee, which was set up to scrutinise the national expenditure, consisted of five seasoned veterans of the big business world, with Sir George May, the former Secretary of the Prudential Assurance Company, at their head, and two representatives of Labour. Of the competence of the big five to manage their own concerns, and of the earnestness of their work on the Committee, there is no question. But their Report leaves us with the gravest doubts of their ability to dictate public policy. They have gone about like a roaring lion seeking whom it may devour, and they have got their teeth into a prodigious number of things and persons—from unemployment insurance to the Empire Marketing Board, from schoolchildren to admirals. Their plan, if it were adopted in its entirety, would mean an immediate saving of £96½ millions—leaving only £25 millions or so to be found from other sources in order to make up the estimated deficit for next year. We do not know why they should have boggled at this extra trifle; while they were about it they might have lopped off the whole lot. But, of course, their plan will not be adopted in its entirety; neither this Government nor any other—not even a "National Government"—could carry it, and Sir George May and his friends can hardly be so naive as to think it feasible. But the sinister thing is that they think it desirable. They call it an effort to "save democracy from shipwreck." Does it not look rather more like an effort to save oligarchy from taxation?

Let us glance at the menu of this economy banquet. The most solid dish is unemployment insurance. Here, it is suggested, we can save £66½ millions—more than twice the amount proposed a few weeks ago by the Royal Commission. Benefits should be cut by 20 per cent., contributions raised, and certain industries at present excluded should be brought into the scheme. These industries, having a low unemployment percentage, would help handsomely in paying the benefits of those with a high percentage—a simple, if not altogether original, method of feeding the working-class dog on its own tail! Next comes education. Here there are not only teachers' salaries to be reduced, but Exchequer grants to local authorities and to universities—with the prospect, too, of further measures for limiting expenditure. With that saving of nearly £14,000,000 we can couple a trifle of £500,000 which is now squandered on such trash as agricultural education and research. As regards Health Insurance, the Committee is modest; it only proposes to save £1,000,000, mainly at the expense of the panel doctors. But we can do a little better with the Maternity service; the docking of State grants for that will save £1,500,000. And we may expect to do better still by adopting the proposal to reduce housing subsidies—"as a first step"—by £2 10s. per annum.

Characteristically enough, the fighting services, which provide the one obvious and immediate opportunity for saving, are treated in a gingerly fashion. Some tentative suggestions are made for possible economies in naval and aircraft design; but for the moment the main hope lies in the reduction of pay and allowances for all officers and men. "Back to 1925 rates" is the motto for them. For the police a substantial cut in pay is proposed—a proposal which has been met with criticism not only from the force itself, but from civilians of the respectable classes. These, whilst they do not mind policemen's children getting a slightly inferior education, protest that we must have efficient and contented policemen to maintain law and order and manage the traffic. But perhaps a partial answer, at any rate, to this is that there will be less traffic to manage; for the Committee recommends a considerable saving on the roads, including the postponement and slowing down of schemes and the abolition of the Road Fund.

There are various other items in the catalogue—the abolition of the Empire Marketing Board (about which, incidentally, the Dominions will have something to say), the reduction of grants for unemployment relief works, the restriction of small-holdings and afforestation, the withdrawal of grants for research in civil aircraft, and for marriage gratuities in the Civil Service. But these it is unnecessary to pursue in detail. What matters is the Report as a whole, and the principles on which it is based. That is indeed the claim of its signatories, for they protest against "a policy of selection," although, as we have said, they cannot really believe that it will be swallowed at a gulp. Now the Report professes to make a fair distribution of sacrifices to meet an admittedly difficult state of the national finances. It does not. It is essentially, in its main proposals, an attack on the social services, and Mr. Hayday, the Chairman of the Trades Union Congress, was not indulging in mere rhetoric when he called it a "savage and ludicrous attack." Economising in this direction is false economy; for the social services are not finnimbruns—they are the very conditions of our attempt to build up an ordered, intelligent and healthy community. "Saving democracy from shipwreck" is a very pretty phrase, but what do those who use it or applaud it understand by democracy? Adult suffrage is not the last word in democratic advance, nor is the miserable "dole" to the unemployed, which rouses such wrath in Pall Mall and Putney. Democracy involves equality as well as liberty, and the approach to equality—economic equality—must obviously require greater sacrifices from the rich than from the poor. It is on this, of course, that the Socialist democrats and the big business democrats fall out. The former may agree that in an emergency this or that section of the poor must put up with some temporary inconvenience or loss. But they will not agree that in any circumstances some loss ought to fall on poor as well as rich, or that when it does fall on both it ought to fall with equal weight. It does not follow that because A finds his income of £2,000 a year reduced to £1,600 by the "slump in industrials," B, with £2 a week, should be brought down to 32s. And though it may sound just to say with the Economy Committee that "the rise in the value of money in recent years provides a strong case for the revision of money

obligations fixed under other conditions," yet the principle may easily be applied so as to work gross injustice.

We are told that anyone who objects to this plan must be prepared with a better, and Mr. Pugh and Mr. Latham, who, in their Minority Report, object very strongly to it, are sneered at for not producing an alternative method of saving £96½ millions. There is no justification for such sneers. The Committee was not instructed to frame a budget, but to review the expenditure and recommend all possible reductions. "Possible" here must evidently mean both practicable and expedient, and Messrs. Pugh and Latham find, as we do, that the proposals of the majority are neither the one nor the other. They conclude that "as regards the particular classes of expenditure coming within the purview of this Committee, to effect any serious decrease is impracticable except by measures which are solely in the control of Parliament itself." The Cabinet Committee that has now been set up is not, of course, confined simply to a choice between a melancholy negative and the ferocious positive of the false economists. On that issue not even Mr. Snowden, we think, could hesitate.

THE MEERUT CONSPIRACY CASE

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN INDIA]

THREE Englishmen and twenty-six Indians are now spending their third hot weather in Meerut jail. It is not a part of the world where any European willingly stays for the summer. New Delhi, about forty miles away, is completely deserted. A few *durwans* and minor officials occupy the several million pounds' worth of buildings which the pessimists describe as the tomb of the British Empire in India. Life in the plains is a penance for several months in the year, but for a European to spend that time in jail is sheer purgatory. None of these men has been proved guilty of any offence, but they have already undergone a punishment far severer than is usually meted out for a well-proven case of robbery with violence. They are still under trial, they are still to be presumed innocent, but they have spent two and a quarter years in prison, and the case seems likely to drag on for several months more. The Court has only recently begun to hear the case for the defence. It took a full two years for a Magistrate to pass a committal order and for the Court to hear the evidence against some thirty men, who, after taking part in labour activities in Bombay and Calcutta, are accused of organising a Communist conspiracy with the help of a large number of individuals and organisations outside India. This is not a very good advertisement for British justice in the East.

As the case is still *sub judice* it is impossible to discuss the evidence, but one gathers from the committal order that the Government of India exercised great forbearance in not adding most of the present Cabinet to the list of those who are supposed to have assisted in the conspiracy. There are few members of the Labour Party who have not, in their earlier and more optimistic days, given utterance to phrases about nationalisation, capitalism, and exploitation which, East of Suez, are sure and certain signs of the Bolshevik propagandist. As for Mr. Lansbury, he seems to have been President of the League Against Imperialism when it was actually engaged in this conspiracy. To the outsider it is all very confusing, but unfortunately "an alien Government under orders to quit," as one of its members recently described it, cannot afford to be strictly logical. About half India is engaged in conspiring to change the Government. It would be possible, and a learned judge has said that it would be correct, to indict not only the whole of the Congress Party, but also both Hindu and Moslem Liberals for an offence against the section of the Penal Code under which the Meerut prisoners are charged. A conspiracy to overturn the Government is about the only activity open to nationalist politicians in a country under foreign control. The one possible justification for bringing a conspiracy case against a political group is that their activities made them a serious menace; and, as the procedure must be extremely slow, it is the obvious duty of Government to consult the convenience of the accused as to the venue of the trial and the organisation of their defence. The Government of India can with difficulty be justified on either of these counts.

The two or three European Communists, who wandered out to India in order to teach the new gospel, appear to have displayed all the weaknesses and ineffectiveness which characterise the Communist Party in England. They and their Indian followers, who were exceedingly few, seem to have spent most of their time quarrelling bitterly, often upon purely theoretical questions. They were invariably short of money. Small sums dribbled out from England, but the whole amount would hardly have supported a single junior European official. Most of the money came from a person who, though described in the committal order as a prominent Communist, is actually a member of a well-known business firm. His political activities are unknown to the writer, who can claim some knowledge of post-war movements of the Left Wing. The Communists in India, like their English *confrères*, have an almost childish love of "conspiring," of writing letters to each other in a kind of schoolboy cipher, of doing things in the most roundabout way; but their efforts at organisation, compared with the Communist activities in Eastern Europe, were like an O.T.C. field day after a prolonged spell on the Western Front. Their one short period of effectiveness was when they took part in organising some strikes. These were purely economic, and to the outsider there seemed an overwhelmingly strong case for the strikers. Any Englishman who had the faintest idea of how a strike ought to be run was, of course, extremely welcome. Apart from such activities in Bombay and Calcutta, the Communists did little except carry on spasmodic and quite unsuccessful propagandist work. And they definitely attacked the policy of individual terrorist murders which the Congress Party has repeatedly condoned.

There could be only one reason why the Government of India decided to stage an elaborate conspiracy case against a body which was neither engaged in a murder movement, like the accused in other conspiracy cases, nor showed any signs of conducting a successful political campaign. In 1928 there was a large section of the Indian middle classes which was completely disillusioned about the Montagu reforms, but had not thrown in its lot with the Nationalists. The Meerut case was a last, and incidentally an unsuccessful, effort to divide the Indian "Haves" from the "Have-nots." The normal procedure would, of course, have been to try the more noisy members of the Communist Party individually for sedition. The Europeans, if convicted, could have served their time and been shipped out of the country. The only point of the State trial was to frighten the middle class, who, like the officials themselves, are not well acquainted with the meaning and limitations of the various Labour movements which have been active in Europe since the war.

If it is difficult to justify subjecting the accused to a full-dress conspiracy trial, there is even less excuse for holding it at Meerut. Legally the Government could choose any place it liked in India, for the conspiracy is supposed to extend throughout the peninsula, but in practice everyone knows that the "Peasants and Workers" party only

functioned, as far as it functioned at all, in the industrial areas. Meerut is an old and not an industrial city, chiefly known for its cantonment. It is 800 or 900 miles away from Bombay and Calcutta, where nearly all the events occurred and the speeches were made which figure in the trial. From the official point of view it is easy to see why Meerut was chosen. It is conveniently close, near but not too near, the seat of Government during the winter months. The local population was not likely to make any trouble, and if it did there would be a large military force close at hand. There was also the question of a jury. At Meerut it was obviously impracticable to collect a suitable jury, but it would have been more difficult to resist the demand in Bombay or Calcutta. Also one of the British accused had already been acquitted in Bombay for a not dissimilar offence. The Government had, as it were, the choice of ground, and made full use of it; but a State trial is not exactly a football match, and the official attitude in this matter does much to explain why Indians of quite moderate views are completely cynical about British justice as at present administered. By choosing Meerut the Government deliberately increased the difficulties of the defence, and condemned the accused to two or three years' imprisonment in a climate which no Government official would willingly endure under the most comfortable conditions. If it was essential for the trial to be held within easy reach of the Secretariat, they might have chosen some hill station, like Kasauli, which is close to Simla, where the Government spends most of its time.

The trial has now gone on for so long that it must presumably take its course, and it is hoped that a verdict will be reached some time in the autumn. The proceedings have now become almost farcical, the accused wasting time as much as the prosecution. The case merely gives a few theorists a magnificent platform from which to expound their views. Communist doctrines of the most elementary nature have thus received immense publicity, for all the Indian newspapers report the proceedings at great length, whereas they have never hitherto given any prominence to the doings or speeches of the Communist Party owing to its hostility to the Congress. From every point of view the Meerut Conspiracy trial is a severe indictment of the present system of government in India.

ANGLO-AMERICAN TENSION

IN the *Daily Telegraph* a short time ago an American woman complained about the attitude of the English toward the United States. She wrote with sincerity and bitterness, and it is unfortunately true, as the subsequent correspondence abundantly proved, that her remarks are subscribed to by a large number of thoughtful Americans who have lived in England. Since international peace and stability may well depend upon the existence of cordial, and not merely friendly, relations between England and America, it is worth while considering the grounds for this American complaint. There is no reason why bad feeling should continue. Very slight adjustments on both sides would abolish it; for now that the Americans are no longer prosperous the English bear them hardly any malice.

The American woman's complaint may be summed up as follows. First, the English papers publish almost no American news except crime news, or else stories that ridicule or discredit the United States. Secondly, the treatment that refined and intelligent Americans receive in England is described as follows: "While they have met a few broad-minded and sympathetic Englishmen, they have been nagged, insulted and baited by English persons (usually inferior to them in birth, education, and manners), and subjected to covert or open expressions of antagonism." This second point is so exaggerated that it is simply false. The American woman has had very bad luck. She should stop associating with "persons" who are inferior "in birth, education and manners." Discounting this exaggeration, however, it is true that the American news in most English papers is silly, while there is something about the English attitude toward all foreigners that is peculiarly exasperating—witness the spite displayed by the usually urbane M. Siegfried when discussing this English superiority. Americans are unhappily over-sensitive to such an attitude; but it is because I am certain there is no such thing as a widespread English hostility toward America that it seems advisable to drag the grievance out into the open and investigate its causes. The grievance would disappear if the following simple ideas were grasped by both peoples.

In the first place, Americans should realise that there are other motives than malignity which lead the English press to play up crime and absurdity in their American news. Machine-gun battles and children sitting upside down on flagpoles are first-class news for a bored and harassed world. Also, when complaining that the English press gives little space to the higher life of the United States, Americans should reflect upon the treatment that their own press has meted out to Mexico. In the latter case, moreover, the motives for systematic slander have often been sinister, whereas the English motive is usually nothing but the simple romantic desire to believe in a far-away land where all things are bizarre and where men move in perpetual danger of gun-shot wounds.

In the second place, Americans should realise that so long as the United States methodically travesties and profanes herself before the whole world by the loathsome pictures that pour steadily from Hollywood, there is little excuse for complaining if other peoples think America ridiculous. As shown in many of the serious, and in most of the comic, pictures that appear in England, America *is* ridiculous. And not only ridiculous, but obscene and trivial. If America does not care enough about her own reputation to control this monstrous vulgarity, she should not expect other nations to be too tender of her. Americans sometimes make excuse for Hollywood on the grounds that foreign nations must enjoy these pictures or else they would not patronise them. This is true; but it is an argument that could be used equally well by the keepers of brothels. People willing to traffic in a certain line of goods can always do a lively business with the unhappy human race; but they should be content with gold for payment, and should not clamour for respect.

If Americans would consider these two points they might be less outraged at the treatment their country receives in the English press—especially since three of the leading English papers have first-class American news. And if the English, on their side, would bear in mind the two following points, most of this deplorable irritation would be dissipated.

First of all, the English should try to cope with their philological ignorance. They should train themselves to realise that it is neither absurd nor vulgar that a language which was once the same should in the course of centuries develop differently in different parts of the world. If such were not the case, we should all still be speaking a sort of Ur-Sanskrit. Just as French and Italian may be described as divergent forms of modern Latin, so it would be helpful to think of the language of Oxford and the language of Harvard as divergent forms of modern English. It is perhaps a pity, from the point of view of international good feeling, that the two forms have not diverged a little further. At any rate, when the Englishman can learn to think of American as a language, and not merely as a ludicrously unsuccessful attempt to speak as he himself speaks, when he can learn to have for American only the normal intolerance of the provincial mind for all foreign tongues, then there will come a great improvement in Anglo-American relations. For even though Americans realise the absurdity

of the English attitude toward their language, nevertheless they remain deeply annoyed by it. This is natural, for a man's language is his very soul. It is his thoughts and almost all his consciousness. Laugh at a man's language, and you have laughed at the man himself in the most inclusive sense.

Lastly, Anglo-American relations will grow easier when the English train themselves to understand that what they deplore as the "Americanisation" of the world is not Americanisation in the least. It is merely the vulgarisation that is characteristic of the whole of modern life. The contagion has not spread to Europe from across the Atlantic. It has developed in Europe, slowly but steadily, from germs all of which originated on this side of the water. So-called Americanisation is nothing but the evil and hitherto uncontrollable aspects of industrialism and democracy. It is the cultural decay consequent upon the rise to financial power, and hence to prestige, of an uneducated traditionless group. To date, America has suffered from this blight more intensely than the rest of the world, for in America there was less entrenched tradition with which to fight the new barbarism. But already Europe is well on her way toward overtaking her younger rival in vulgarity. Berlin is becoming a super-Chicago; and a certain section of the London press will soon be giving lessons to the New York tabloids. The important point is that all this would have happened in England and on the Continent even if North America had never existed. Indeed, if the decay has to be given a geographical name, the appropriate one would be *Manchesterismus*. So it is naturally annoying for civilised Americans, engaged in their own bitter if unsuccessful struggle against this aspect of modernity, to find the English airily blaming the United States for all the more wretched by-products of their own Industrial Revolution!

These may sound like trivial points; but they are the causes of much unnecessary Anglo-American discord. A little effort of the imagination on the part of both peoples would obliterate them. HERBERT AGAR.

THE MILITANT RAMBLER

A CORRESPONDENT has been writing to a morning paper to suggest an intensification of the propaganda against litter on the eve of Bank Holidays. He also appeals to the B.B.C. to announce, as soon as a Bank Holiday is over, the names of the various places where paper and rubbish have been left. "This," he believes, "would probably 'touch' the consciences of the guilty."

This, I think, is one of the most attractive proposals that have yet been made in the course of the anti-litter campaign. It is attractive not because of the results it may be expected to produce, but because of the beautiful faith in human nature which it demonstrates. I would give a five-pound note to be able to believe that the ordinary litter-thrower was a man with a conscience so sensitive that he would blench on hearing it announced from his loud-speaker that the scrap of sandwich-wrapping which he had carelessly thrown away in a field near Neasden had been discovered. But I cannot believe it. Besides, there would be such a cornucopia of litter strewn in the most thickly frequented beauty-spots that the individual litter-thrower would feel that his own sin was scarcely noticeable in the composite sin of the multitude. Suppose, for example, that a man threw away the core of an apple on Box Hill on a Bank Holiday. Would he go green with a sense of guilt discovered when the B.B.C. announcer made it known the next day that a thousand and fifty-nine pieces of newspaper, four hundred and eighty-three portions of brown paper, six thousand seven hundred and five scraps of orange peel, nine empty mobiloil tins, an old boot, twelve beer bottles, twelve hundred and two chocolate wrappings, eighty-one chicken bones, three burst balloons, a broken cricket bat, and seven hundred and nineteen cigarette-packets were reported to have been discovered on Box Hill after the holiday? Would he not merely feel that his little apple core was an inconspicuous trifle amid so monstrous a mass of rubbish? His indignation, it seems to me, would be directed against the other people who had destroyed the amenities of Box Hill with their mountains of litter, not against himself.

At the same time, if it were possible, it would be an excellent thing, after every Bank Holiday, to publish the statistics of litter-throwing and of its geographical distribution. The imagination of the public might be struck if it were announced that the paper and rubbish thrown away in Sussex alone in a single day would, if brought into the same place, form a heap two-and-a-half times as large as Chanctonbury Down. Unfortunately, however, if the B.B.C. attempted to publish a complete account of all the litter thrown away by the public on a Bank Holiday, the next Bank Holiday would have come round long before the list of the rubbish was complete. And how monotonous it would become, however ingeniously the B.B.C. varied its announcements! "Under a spreading chestnut-tree, near Friday Street, a petrol tin was, to the eternal disgrace of human nature, left behind by a motorist. We trust that the culprit, if he is listening, is trembling in his shoes." "It is with the deepest sense of humiliation that we announce that a sardine tin containing oil and the mutilated tail of a sardine, was discovered in the Birdless Grove at Goodwood on Monday, the 4th of August. We know that the perpetrator of this loathsome crime is a Protestant, since it is only Protestants who eat fish on any day of the week except Friday. May we urge him no longer to bring shame on his religion in this fashion?" Who could go on day after day listening to the tale of discarded rubbish? The B.B.C. almost drove us mad during the General Strike with announcements of the hours of departure of railway-trains. It was the worst advertisement ever given to the railways, making everybody hate them, and they have never been the same since. But I would rather listen to the B.B.C. announcer reading aloud a Bradshaw of railway-trains than a Bradshaw of rubbish.

Possibly, the scheme might be more effective if, instead of merely giving a description of the rubbish deposited, the name and address of the litter-thrower were made part of the announcement. I should myself feel slightly uneasy if I heard the news being boomed to the nation that I had been seen throwing the shell of a hard-boiled egg on the grass on the river-bank near Shillingford Bridge. The B.B.C., however, would in these circumstances have to be exceedingly careful to verify the names of the litter-throwers reported to it. It would never do to announce, without having made the most searching inquiries into the truth of the statement: "A man was seen furtively throwing a paper-bag into a rhododendron-bush at Abinger Hammer. To the Boy Scout who demanded his name he replied, under pressure, that he was Mr. John Galsworthy." If this sort of thing were to happen the B.B.C. would obviously soon be spending half its income in defending itself in actions for libel. Yet, in order to shame the litter-thrower, we must name the litter-thrower. He has no conscience to which to appeal. If he had, he would not throw litter.

How far it is possible to preserve the amenities of the country, now that it has at last been discovered by the town, it is difficult to say. For the townsman likes to take with him into the country, not only the litter of the town, but the noise of the town, and to make the country both look and sound like the town as far as this can be managed. The grass of the hillside is unpleasantly rural and so has to be made fit for human society with the aid of scattered newspapers and banana-skins. The songs of birds and the sound of running water are insufficiently lively, and become tolerable only when they are half-drowned in the music of gramophones and the choruses of the London streets. It is

only a few days since a girl was asked by a policeman to desist from singing and was prosecuted for refusing to do so, and her defence makes it clear that a new type of townsman and townswoman has arrived, and is eager to create a new kind of countryside. She declared that "every militant rambler and lover of the country" would be on her side in demanding the right to sing. I forget whether it was in a town or in the open country that she had the argument with the policeman, but at least she was on a rambling holiday, and, during a ramble, even the towns one visits are in the country. What struck terror into me, as I read a report of the case, was her use of the word "militant" to describe the new race of country-lovers. I have always regarded a country walk as one of the most pacific of pleasures. But this will be so no more if the young begin to walk militantly. Birds'-nesting, shooting, fishing—these are all more or less militant. Militant tactics may even be employed in flower-picking. But how is it possible to ramble militantly, unless this means simply making a noise?

Now there are two kinds of people who make a noise in the country—those who sing as if singing were the natural thing to do, and those who sing as if they were challenging the countryside to stop them. In many parts of the country the inhabitants sing as naturally as the birds, and a crowd of Welshmen can sing in the country without turning it into an imitation of a street in a town. In London, on the other hand, we often find the young singing largely in order to draw attention to themselves. They sing as if they had never heard a good song well sung in their lives, and as though the human throat were an instrument of the same order as the buzzer, the squeaker and the mouth-organ. They may be heard in Camden Town on Saturday night, and I have heard them on the banks of the Thames on Sunday. I do not know whether "militant rambler" means a rambler who claims the right to do that sort of thing in the country—but if it does I hope the propaganda against litter-throwing will be extended so as to embrace militant rambling. There should be halls provided by the municipalities in which militant ramblers should be able to relieve their feelings by yelling before they set out on their rambles. To make a noise is good, and to exercise the lungs by making even the most hideous noises is good, but there is a place for everything. The motto of every true rambler should be: "Less noise, please." Otherwise, song, which is a gift of the gods, may have to be suppressed as a nuisance, like the jactation of walnut-shells in Hyde Park.

Y. Y.

EAST-END MODES AND MORALS

THE scene is a doctor's consulting-room in East London. The time is June, 1931. Enter a smiling girl of seventeen and her mother. The doctor looks at the girl and asks, "Well; what's the matter? You don't look very ill." The mother answers for her "Oh, she's not ill, she's going to have a baby." "When does she expect it?" "That's what I want you to tell us." The necessary investigations having been made and the prophecy uttered, the doctor asks, "Are you married?" With a smile, and ever such a touch of shyness, the girl says she is not. "Are you going to get married?" Hesitatingly, "I don't think so." "Don't you like your young man any more, or doesn't he like you?" This time the mother answers, "No, he's backed out of it. Says he doesn't know anything about it." "Well, you don't want to marry a chap like that, do you?" The girl replies, "No, I don't." "That's right; I wouldn't if I were you." Here the mother intervenes with enthusiasm: "There you are. Now you've got two people advising you; your mother and the doctor. If he acts so dirty now, he'd make a nice husband, wouldn't he?" "Well," the doctor asks, "you'd rather have a nice baby all your own than live all your life with a chap you don't like, and who's played a trick on you like this, wouldn't you?" Happily smiling, feeling that the world is with her, "Yes, of course I would." The mother chips in: "That's right, that's sense. You have your baby, and I'll help you look after it. You'll have to work hard to keep it and do the best you can for it. There's no shame in that."

That's one dialogue. Here is another, also contemporary.

A girl employed in a tailor's workshop is telling the doctor what has been happening to her friend, whose recent absence has provoked inquiry. "I'll tell you all about Cissy. One day the manager sent for me and said Cissy wouldn't be coming for a little while, because she'd been taken ill and had to go into hospital. She was all right the day before, so I asked him what was the matter. He told me she'd got appendicitis, and had to go in all of a sudden. Of course, we found out that really she'd gone in to have a baby. Cis is a real nice girl, and I'd do anything for her. Well, we didn't see her till three or four weeks afterwards, and then I met her all by chance. I said to her, 'Oh Cissy, I'm so sorry you've had all this trouble.' 'What d'you mean, trouble?' she said. 'Oh Cissy,' I said, 'everybody knows all about it.' 'What d'you mean, knows I've had a baby? That's not trouble, is it? I've got a nice baby and, thank goodness, I can look after it. There's nothing to be ashamed of in that.' Cissy's a fine girl, and I expect she's right, don't you? If a thing seems natural, I don't believe it's wrong, do you?"

These typical dialogues illustrate the amazing change that has occurred in the last ten years in the minds of "the common people." The old morality is rapidly going the way of the old servility and the old modes. In cultivated circles the process has long been obvious; but the fact that freedom of thought is spreading among the "masses" is likely to prove far more important. The really striking change is in the young women. It is they who are well on the road to emancipation. In them, far more convincingly than in the young men, the altered manner and the altered looks are indicative of a real development. The change in the aspect and ways of the young working women who now enter the doctor's consulting-room, as compared with those of pre-war days, is amazing. The slightly indecent shyness of the beginning of the century has vanished with the dowdiness and often picturesque disorder of Dickens and Phil May. To-day, almost any young woman in East London discusses without reserve intimate matters concerning which she needs guidance or advice, having ceased to consider sacredness and secrecy as identical. She no longer regards her body as an object of shame, or its natural uses as sinful or "improper." Indeed, she takes a pride in her physical health and physical adequacy which would have shocked the prudes of an earlier generation. Whitmanic frankness and sincerity are rapidly replacing Victorian prudery together with the pruriency that constituted its inevitable obverse.

In the mind of an unprejudiced observer there can be no doubt that the young working woman of to-day is not only a more intelligent, a more alert, and a handsomer creature, but is also cleaner in body and soul than was her sister of any previous age. Thousands of the girls and women one sees emerging from one- or two-room tenements are as tastefully dressed, as carefully groomed, as graceful of carriage and as intellectually and emotionally alive as their more fortune-favoured sisters of the West. Companionship is daily becoming more possible and more stimulating, not only between the sexes, but equally between the classes. The barriers, intellectual and cultural, which formerly offered such embarrassments are falling to the ground. That the change is due to environmental rather than to genetic causes is shown by the almost equivalent development in the mental attitude and even physical aspect of

an appreciable minority of older women who, in pre-war days, shared the conventions of their decade.

Here is evidenced the real emancipation of woman. It has very little to do with politics; indeed, so far as politics is concerned, the average young woman of 1931 seems to be about as remote from serious understanding as most young women always have been—that is to say, one degree more remote than the average man. But in the fundamentals of life, in those things that constitute the material of æsthetics, of ethics and of religion, they are showing themselves to be at least as interested and as keenly participant as men. Of course, the world does not change in a day; and the superficial observer will still find everywhere plenty of that banality and futility to which his eyes and ears are painfully accustomed. But those who have the chance of looking a little more deeply can but see on every hand signs of a new life in harmony with the dreams of the social idealists of our race.

To what factors is this great change or development mainly to be attributed? Clearly, to liberty. The potentialities must always have been present, for inherited human nature does not appreciably change in one generation or in ten. The wholesale entry of women into the labour market, with consequent freedom of movement, more abundant social intercourse with men and women of all classes, and increased economic independence, is probably the most important single factor. But of little less weight is the influence of the cinema, the wireless and the popular press. These things have not only presented pictures illustrative of the variety of life's possibilities, but they have also furnished the hitherto unlettered with a significant vocabulary without which real thought is practically an impossibility, and the sublimation as well as the expression of emotion difficult.

HARRY ROBERTS.

SERVANTS OF THE PUBLIC

THE other night I had gone to bed
With the STATESMAN's leader in my head
On the press and its moral obligations,
And I dreamed that I heard the lamentations
Of a crowd who swore that what discontented them
Was the way that people misrepresented them.
" It isn't our task," they said, " to guide
The public taste, or to elevate it;
Enough for our pockets and our pride
To gauge it nicely, and then to sate it.
Who lives by pleasing must please to live,
And, as public servants, the chance we pray for
Is to serve our masters, and freely give
What the public wants and is quick to pay for."
And I thought to myself in my dream, " Why, yes,
There's a case to be made for our libelled press."
Then I looked around, and a horror tore me,
As I gazed on the crowd who stood before me;
For I saw it wasn't the press who pleaded
They only gave what the public needed;
But the fellow with whisky in his boot,
The trader in dope, and the prostitute,
The *madame* and the *souteneur*,
The smugglers of " postcards " and rye liquor,
And people risen from nameless graves
Who had freighted a ship with a load of slaves,
And all the quacks who, through all the ages,
Have feathered their nests and posed as sages
By selling philtres and charms and pills
To sway our fortunes and cure our ills.
And I thought to myself, in my dream, " Why, yes,
You can make a case for our libelled press
Which will also serve for *these* useful folk " . . .
But here from my foolish dream I woke.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE WORLD'S THINKERS AND DISARMAMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Professor Gilbert Murray, who has been presiding over the recent meetings of the International Committee on Intellectual Co-operation, has sent us a significant resolution that was passed unanimously by that body. People whose principal pre-occupation is politics are usually so much concerned with the next election that they have no time to interest themselves in such ultimate questions as the constitution of the atom or the nature of the universe. This measure of indifference tends to be reciprocated, and physicists, astronomers and other men of learning take no interest in politics. It is therefore remarkable that seventeen persons from seventeen countries of the most divergent political and religious opinions, but all representing the intellectual life of their respective nations, have passed the following resolution:

> The International Committee on Intellectual Co-operation,
>
> Considering that the military burdens borne by the different nations render increasingly difficult the studies and training and even the continued existence of an intellectual class and thus hamper the intellectual progress of mankind;
>
> Considering further that the Committee has undertaken and is carrying out the duty of instructing youth in the principles of the League of Nations, of Peace and of International Co-operation;
>
> And that the whole development of the League of Nations is closely bound up with the progress of disarmament and of the international conventions ensuring peace;
>
> Expresses the ardent hope that the General Conference which is to meet next February will achieve a substantial reduction in the land, sea and air armaments of the world under such conditions as will provide international guarantees for the security of each nation.

Truly, Sir, is not this a rather remarkable manifesto, coming as it does from such a source?—Yours, etc.,

J. C. MAXWELL GARNETT
(Secretary, League of Nations Union).

London,
July 31st.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Travelling in Germany one finds an extraordinary consensus of opinion as to the results of the prolongation of the present uncertainty. This and the physical impossibility of continuing the payment of Reparations as well as the sense of injustice is driving Germans of all classes into either the Communist or Fascist parties. Whether Germany becomes mainly Fascist or Communist, or whether nearly equally divided Civil War should result—and this is now a possibility—France will have an equally good excuse and opportunity for intervention.

In any case it seems likely, unless the strain on the German people is relaxed, that the country will become completely demoralised and disunited, breaking up into several Communist and Hitlerite States; also the present tendency to despair and degenerate must increase. There were nearly seventeen thousand suicides in Germany last year reported as against about three thousand in England.

The French, apparently, before they consent to any revision of the " peace that passeth understanding," hope to force Germany to consent to be the spear-head of an attack by France, Poland and Germany upon Soviet Russia. But the German Communists are strong enough to prevent that.

If War Debts and Reparations were cancelled there would be a chance for Europe to return to the comparative calm and financial stability of 1913. As it is, it looks as if the French are to become more dangerously predominant in Europe than they are already.—Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR OSBURN.

62 Bayreuther Strasse, Berlin.
August 1st.

THE THRILL OF NAKEDNESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Germany may be on the verge of collapse, but Mr. Hirst has discovered in Germany a " social movement fraught with

far deeper significance than the ephemeral structures of financiers and politicians." Behind the scenes a "social revolution" is being carried through "which must inevitably result in the liberation of the whole human race from a bondage and a curse which has existed for thousands of years!" The best panaceas are always simple. The road to moral and physical health is not the tortuous path of self denial and self discipline. No, "the only real 'Purity' movement of the many that have been attempted throughout the centuries is based on one simple imperious gesture." The vile body may be subdued by the simple process of stripping the vile body of its clothes. This is the inner mystical meaning of the well-known line in *Kubla Khan*.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. Hirst that nudity damps rather than stimulates the passions. The photographs of these nude Germans, which I have seen, have convinced me that a steady contemplation of middle-aged humanity in a state of nudity would prove an excellent sedative for the passionate. I do not think that I am much uglier than the average man of my age, but as I emerged from my bath this morning and contemplated myself in the looking glass, I realised—a little sadly—that my chances of amorous adventure would be even less bright in a nude than in a clothed society. I am convinced that the justification for the fig-leaf is æsthetic rather than moral. The truth is that the Creator was a little unfinished in his work. He failed to realise the importance of "significant line," to borrow a modern expression. It is our humble duty to edit his handiwork, revealing it where it is good, and concealing it where it is bad.

Mr. Hirst, however, is concerned not with æsthetic, but with moral values, with "purity." Does Mr. Hirst imply that nudity canalises desire, encouraging the passions which promote Holy Matrimony and eliminating the passions which promote fornication and adultery?

The truth is that Mr. Hirst's lyrical praise of nudism is the product of emotion rather than reason. It is significant that his letter contains ten exclamation marks. The flight from the fig-leaf will not lead us back to Paradise. Moses may have failed, Christ may have failed, but I remain unconvinced that the new and nuder Adam of Germany will succeed.—Yours, etc.

Chalet Berna, Grindelwald, Switzerland. ARNOLD LUNN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hirst is surely far behind the times in thinking that his panegyric of "nudism" in your correspondence columns, entitled "The Thrill of Nakedness," will come as "thrilling news" to readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. This Continental cult has been given such publicity in recent years and led to so many heated controversies that, in this year of disgrace 1931, it would surely be more "thrilling" to learn that the Germans had taken to wearing clothes again.

There is, of course, no thrill in nudity and, as Mr. Hirst points out, this is really a "Purity movement," an asceticism *à outrance*, masquerading as a new paganism. Nudist camps are spiritually akin to mediæval monkeries. For communal nakedness is, of course, a sexual cathartic, and, though a little purgation now and then is good for the stomach, perpetual catharsis is apt to be debilitating. This notion of abolishing reticence, and decrying as "primitive taboos" the moral and social amenities which man has laboriously built up through thousands of generations, is a product of the Germanic post-war *malaise*, one of the many manifestations of that "Freud complex" which, *pace* its arch-neurotic at Vienna, is far more prevalent nowadays than the curse of Œdipus.

The thoughtful visitor to a nudist pen, after he has recovered from the thrill of discovering that there is no thrill at all, will dutifully, as he adjusts his dress before leaving, murmur a little hymn in praise of tailors, those benefactors of the human race.—Yours, etc.,

Paris, August 3rd. STUART GILBERT.

BRITISH JUSTICE AND THE ROUSE CASE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The very interesting review by Mr. Leonard Woolf of Miss Helena Normanton's book in your current issue does not deal with a point on which some doubt exists, which it is very desirable should be cleared up. The point is this: Have the magistrates, at the preliminary inquiry, power to exclude the public, including the press?

It is a fundamental principle of English justice that the *trial* of a case shall be in open court. But, of course, the preliminary inquiry is not a trial; it is merely an inquiry as to whether there should be a trial.

Historically speaking, there is no case for the contention that such an inquiry must be held in public. I am not sufficiently familiar with the history of criminal procedure to say when the present practice began, but should guess that it was started by the strong reaction against the Star Chamber which culminated in the Act of 1640. Be this as it may, it is at least significant that the Indictable Offences Act of 1848, which still largely governs the preliminary proceedings in such matters, expressly provides (s. 19) that the building in which the inquiry takes place is *not* to be deemed an "open court." It appears, however, that a defining clause of the Interpretation Act was considered to have affected the provision of the Indictable Offences Act; and it is said that the Law Officers of 1884 advised that the preliminary inquiry must be held in open court.

This opinion has never been universally accepted. For example, the article on the subject in Halsbury's *Laws of England*, the responsible author of which was no less experienced a criminal judge than the late Sir Albert Bosanquet, K.C., the well-known Recorder of London, is distinctly opposed to it, for reasons which are stated at length in the article.

But the matter does not rest there. By s. 17 of the recent Criminal Justice Act of 1925, the Lord Chancellor has power to make rules regulating the practice and procedure of examining magistrates, and he has in fact done so. Thus it would be perfectly simple for the Lord Chancellor to make a rule empowering the magistrates to exclude the public from the preliminary hearing, if, in their opinion, the interests of justice required such a step.

As to the effect likely to be produced by such a rule, or by action under it, I am not competent to judge, though my own opinion is that both would be received with satisfaction by the decent public, and with no very earnest opposition by the respectable press.

I may add that my remarks have no application to preliminary inquiries in the Metropolitan area, which are governed by special rules.—Yours, etc.,

Bishop's Tawton, Barnstaple, August 2nd. EDWARD JENKS.

EMIGRATION AT THE DEAD END

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your article under the above heading last week to the effect that the migrations of man overseas are for the time being at an end, gives me an opportunity for suggesting a return to an older form of migration.

Canada and Australia very properly object to the coming of fresh emigrants to their inhabited centres; but both would probably welcome additions to their population, provided the new-comers filled up their vacant regions without, for the present, overlapping and interfering with their existing settlements; these are indeed overcrowded and huddled up, but the country is not filled up, far from it.

Henceforth the aim of emigrants should not be that of producing for the home market or any other market, but to form self-contained and self-centred communities producing for themselves in the old-fashioned way, and just doing without such things, for a time, as their adopted soil cannot produce.

The laws of the Dominions as they are now framed are often deliberately opposed to the formation of independent and isolated settlements. They were naturally framed to encourage their own railways, to facilitate government organisation, to encourage trade, and not to allow promiscuous and freak development. But circumstances alter cases, and now for a time this policy must be reversed and expansion encouraged, provided new-comers are kept strictly for a certain number of years from contact with existing centres of population.

About forty years ago, at a time of great distress, Herbert Mills wrote a book, *Home Colonisation*, in which he suggested that groups might support themselves by living upon the produce of their own land worked collectively, and I believe that something of the sort is being attempted in Gloucestershire.

How much better could not this be done upon an adequate scale in the vacant parts of Canada and Australia!

The *Montreal Star* recently referred to a book by James Leakey (*Outward-Ho!*), in which it is suggested that each British county should have an annexe in one of the Dominions established on the Garden City principles of Letchworth and Welwyn, each supported by its own home county.

Do not let us sit down and imagine that emigration is at the dead end just because some Dominion Governments have got tangled up in debts, and others hindered by antiquated regulations. Let us attempt old-style colonisation with a modern equipment!—Yours, etc.

19 Lancaster Gate, W.2 G. BACKHOUSE.

"THE POOREST OF THE POOR"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Lord Privy Seal, recently referred to unemployed insured persons as "the poorest of the poor." The description is more accurately applied to the unemployed who are not insured, and whose poverty is often acute. It seems not to be realised that there is a very large number of necessitous persons outside State insurance. No reference appears to have been made to them in recent discussions in Parliament upon unemployment insurance; yet their existence has an important bearing upon the issues under consideration. The first report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance notes that "a large number of persons engaged in business on their own account are not covered by the unemployment insurance scheme" (c. 52). This large number is excluded not only from unemployment, but from all State insurance, because of the three-party character of the system we have adopted; and is also excluded, therefore, from all share in the very large sums, outside insurance, allocated out of taxation in recent years to insured persons and to them only.

How do these excluded people compare in number with insured persons? Perhaps we could get a rough idea if we compared the numbers of insured and uninsured persons who are granted (over 70) old age pensions. Unfortunately exact information on this point is not available. But it has been estimated that approximately 200,000 new over-70 old age pensions have been awarded in Great Britain in each of the last three years, rather more than half of these being given to insured persons or to the wives or widows of such persons. Rather less than half then, but approaching that proportion, were given to the uninsured. And the uninsured who were awarded pensions were all necessitous, for the means test qualifying for a pension under the Old Age Pensions Acts 1908–24 still operates in the case of the uninsured, though insured persons were exempted by the late Conservative Government from all inquiry as to means when applying for a pension under these Acts, although the pensions are paid entirely out of moneys provided by Parliament (Contributory Pensions Act, 1925, c.20 (2).).

When State insurance was introduced in 1911 most of the severe poverty was to be found among wage-earners. But the incidence of poverty has changed, and a scheme which rules out all not working under a contract of service does not now cover the needy. If the object of State insurance is to prevent poverty it is evidently time that we ceased to develop it exclusively along the line of increasing the benefactions of the section of workers now insured—a course which, moreover, is making State insurance very unpopular—and set about making it more inclusive, so that no necessitous person shall remain outside. We have now 20 years' experience of its working, and a review of the whole position would seem to be urgently needed.—Yours, etc.,

London. EDITH M. D. MARVIN.

THE FASCIST TERROR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

MONSIEUR,—En parcourant le N° du 11 juin de votre Revue, je prends connaissance de la lettre de Monsieur Arnold J. Toynbee. J'ai été la seule journaliste française envoyée spécialement à Rome pour assister aux procès, l'un contre l'anarchiste Schirru le 28 mai, et l'autre, celui dit "des intellectuels milanais," les 29 et 30 mai. Je peux me permettre de comparer mes impressions avec celles de votre collaborateur. Vous les trouverez dans les numéros des 10 et 12 juin du *Petit Journal* et le numéro du 17 juin de *Vu* que je vous adresse avec cette lettre. Vous verrez donc que mon récit est en contradiction formelle, en plusieurs cas, avec celui de Monsieur Arnold J. Toynbee.

1° Il y avait, à cette date, dans la ville de Rome, un déploiement particulier de police, à l'occasion, non seulement du procès, mais aussi du conflit entre le Fascisme et le Vatican.

2° J'ai éprouvé la nécessité absolue d'une carte d'entrée pour les audiences du Tribunal spécial, ayant été demandée à mon intention par l'Ambassadeur de France au Bureau de la Presse du Palais Chigi. J'ai dû présenter cette carte plusieurs fois dans le Palais de Justice, avant d'arriver à la porte du Tribunal; j'ai observé, le 29 mai, que même quelques confrères étrangers, résidant à Rome, durent présenter pareil l'autorisation et y joindre, comme moi, une pièce d'identité portant la photographie.

3° L'attitude du Président Casanova Tringali, aux séances du 29 et 30 mai, a été fort correcte et même courtoise envers les accusés, mais celle du Président Cristini a été très dure envers Schirru, le 28 mai. Egalement, les interrogations et réquisitoires de l'Avocat général Fallace, requèrant contre Schirru le premier jour et ensuite contre Bauer, Rossi et leurs compagnons, ont été d'une vulgarité et d'un parti-pris assez pénibles à entendre; ceci, non seulement de mon avis, mais aussi de celui de quelques correspondants étrangers avec lesquels je m'en suis entretenue. J'en ai, du reste, fait la remarque au Président Mussolini, lui-même, au cours de l'entrevue qu'il m'a accordée le 1er juin et pendant laquelle il m'a questionnée sur l'opinion que j'avais gardée de ma présence aux procès.

4° J'aurais voulu, afin d'apporter le plus de renseignements possibles à mes lecteurs, interroger ceux qui appartiennent à l'entourage des accusés; mais j'ai remarqué que les avocats ne désiraient pas du tout, et cela par mesure de précaution, répondre à mes questions, et qu'à ma demande d'interviewer Madame Rossi, la mère d'un des condamnés, il me fut répondu: "il vaut mieux, pour elle, que vous ne la voyez pas . . ." Je me suis donc complètement abstenue dans ce sens.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Directeur, l'assurance de mes sentiments les meilleurs,

97 rue de Prony, à Paris. HÉLÈNE GOSSET.

Miscellany

BUNRAKUZA

ON the right of the stage, raised well above the audience, two figures. There is the man who tells—or, rather, who intones—the story; and there is the man who, with an ivory plectrum, accompanies him upon the tingling samisen. Three shapes occupy the stage, human-faced, inhumanly attenuated, smaller than life. . . . They are dolls, the Osaka marionettes, not marionettes, however, in the ordinary European acceptation; for they are less agile and far more expressive; while behind each doll crouches its attendants, hooded in black, wearing black mittens or black gloves.

There are no strings and little visible machinery, but into the back of the marionette's capacious sleeve the chief manipulator has slipped his hand. His finger passes, when it is necessary, through a ring on the underside of the puppet's wrist. If the puppet is to pick up some object, the manipulator simply picks it up for him, unfolding his fan, drawing his sword; an absence of artifice which heightens rather than detracts from the impression. The puppets seem to be alive with their own life but dependent, by some freak of circumstance, upon the black-hooded helots who support them. The effect, indeed, is often vivid enough to inspire discomfort. There is something a trifle vicious about the dolls, their disproportionately small heads and long bodies, the petulant quivers of animation with which they appear to be struggling against the ministrants.

At first they scarcely move; but as the story-teller tumbles out his words, using that raucous recitative, plangent and bombastic at the same time, to which one becomes accustomed in the Japanese theatre, they begin to twitch irregularly into life. A head turns slowly, a hand stirs; and very soon they are deploying all the mannerisms of a full-sized Kabuki actor. And the conventions of the popular stage, far from losing, seem to gain a new significance. The world

of frowning courtiers and fierce samurai—sometimes wearisome on a larger scale, one must admit—is admirably suited to the puppet-genius. These spit-fire dolls lend it a fresh charm, suggesting, as they do, a race immemorially aristocratic grown so weak that it depends for its survival upon the existence of a breed of giant slaves. . . . The comedy would be deprived of half its fascination if the veiled attendants, resembling executioners, inquisitors or hierophants of some Satanic order, were not continually hovering in the background. With anonymous and patient skill they smooth out and set to rights a brocaded robe. Two puppets are intent over a draughtboard; and, while it is the servant whose fingers hold the pieces, one feels that he is merely anticipating his master, the imperious and ill-tempered homunculus who dislikes but cannot dispense with his intervention.

The thick eyebrows of the puppet rise. Poised in mid-air, black-gloved fingers—above them a white, narrow paw—are hesitating before some doubtful move. The interrogative flicker of those eyebrows, the nod of uneasy meditation! But the piece slams down; the game proceeds—a pantomime which synthesises without caricaturing the gestures of a Japanese draughts-player. For here, as upon the adult stage, it is not gesture crudely imitated which counts. It is the spirit, the rhythmic essence of a movement. Separate movements have a harmonious unity; each is a separate composition, from the audience's point of view a distinct feat. The actor needs his seconds like an athlete; hence the attendants, humble-stepping and black-masked, who in the intervals of the action dress, undress and refurbish the live comedian; hence the silent, self-effacing doll-servants who, emerging only waist-high from the stage, exist vicariously in the brilliance of their puppets.

During the space of two hours, the story-teller has been changed four times; a man with a large mobile mouth and a strong voice; a younger man with round rosy cheeks; an old man so flushed and congested-looking that, in the expressive frenzy of his chant, he mimics an apoplectic seizure; finally, a grey-haired veteran who makes a deep obeisance and is welcomed by the audience with loud applause. The samisen-players, too, are changed. Their music, which recalls somewhat in its vibrations the twangings of an agitated nerve, breaks out where the story is most dramatic. The player utters a shrill, short cry; his ivory plectrum claws the strings. The teller is rocking to and fro; and the miraculous history of St. Nichiren unfolds itself among prodigies and portents, a wild hurricane throbbing from the wings, the puppets, interrupted in their draughts-game, adopting positions of statuesque astonishment, as a trunkless head flutters across the stage—balancing nimbly at the tip of a long rod. . . .

Later, there is an accomplished crowd-scene. It is on the sea-shore and a throng of weeping villagers presses round the persecuted saint. Clad in blue and biscuit-coloured robes, he is nearly twice as high as his disciples. They are dingier, more rudimentary in form. Constables beat them back and their desperation is ludicrous and pathetic. An old woman, particularly, keeps thrusting herself forward in the melée; she falls prostrate; Nichiren is led off. . . . Here, again, one is reminded of the technique of the Kabuki stage. Probably in no other theatre is the crowd-work so finished or so harmonious. Every super seems to be acting, on his smaller scale, with the same devoted intensity as the protagonists. The spectacle has no frayed edges; a single spirit animates twenty actors. Similarly, upon the puppet-stage, the humblest handler of the humblest doll does not flag for a second in his participation. Their familiars themselves are never dormant, and, though the action may require them to be still, maintain poses of watchful immobility.

PETER QUENNELL.

BROWNING: A PROTEST

TWICE recently in reviews I have seen a reference to the "facile optimism" of Browning, and a third reviewer only refrained from using those words because he required to pad out the sentiment to a more convenient, or more lucrative, length. This is, of course, no new experience; there is, indeed, a type of mind that reacts to the name of Browning with the *cliché* "facile optimist" automatically. Challenged to justify the exclamation, the critic inevitably quotes: "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world!" The weakness of the quotation thus applied is that Browning never said it. It ought not to be necessary to point out that the words are those of Pippa, a girl in the May-time of life, starting out on a gloriously fine spring morning for the holiday of which she had said when she went to bed the night before that if it rained: "old year's sorrow, cast off last night, will come again to-morrow." It is about as sensible to take these lines as proof of Browning's optimism as it would be to use her previous assertion that "Morning's at seven" to prove that the poet was, or, if you prefer it, was not, in favour of the introduction of "summer time." What a villain was Shakespeare if he is to be branded with Iago's sentiments! For the matter of that, Browning also wrote: "There may be heaven; there must be hell," and even, writing not in character but as himself: "All of Life's a cry just of weariness and woe, Love," sentiments which should endear him to modern poets, and do something to remove the opprobrium of optimism.

Not that I would deny that Browning was an optimist. He held very strongly the belief in a personal God directing the destinies of the world, a belief perhaps irrational but, I think, legitimate—certainly widely held at the time that he was writing. Anyone holding such a faith is bound to be an optimist in the sense of believing that, in spite of appearances, all things work towards a foreseen end and that that end must be good. Such a one must say with the poet's Pope Innocent XII:

> — my speech
> Must be, throughout the darkness, "It will end:
> The light that did burn, will burn!"

But "facile optimism"! What an adjective to apply to Browning's outlook on life! Whoever taught that cry to the critical parrots can hardly have read the Pope's great soliloquy, from which I have just quoted. He can hardly have glanced at the last page of *The Ring and the Book* to see how it ended, or he would have found that the poet's message to the British Public was:

> —our human speech is nought,
> Our human testimony false, our fame
> And human estimation words and wind.

Which strikes me as a mighty queer message for a facile optimist to give. All is, apparently, very far from right with the world. In fact, "This world has been harsh and strange; something is wrong; there needeth a change." And our facile optimist does not say: "Why bother? It will all come right!"

> No, when the fight begins within himself,
> A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
> Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
> He's left, himself, in the middle: the soul wakes
> And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!

Our fathers have chained Satan in the bottomless pit of negation. Our children have dissected God and pickled him in jars of unholy spirit, neatly ticketed, "Solar Myth," "Inhibitions" and "Complexes." But the battle remains:

> And so I live, you see,
> Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
> Prefer, still struggling to effect
> My warfare; happy that I can
> Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
> Not left in God's contempt apart,
> With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart.

Browning's optimism is a bit too strenuous for most of us. On the whole, a facile pessimism is more in accord with the labour-saving spirit of our times; so Browning's out of favour. But why this pother over an extinct volcano? Is it not enough that to some of us Browning is a rugged peak in the Parnassan range, while to most he is only exceedingly extinct? Would I force anyone, even a reviewer, to read Browning? Neither Browning nor any other writer; still less to praise him. But I do wish that critics who know nothing about Browning would refrain from second-hand criticism of him. And the same applies to several other subjects.

L. F. SALZMAN.

GROWN-UP TO CHILD: TEN COMMANDMENTS

TAKE a rake with ten teeth
To hollow out the sea;
Ride astride a seabird's back,
Nor ever be
Afraid to raid the nests of gulls
In the shy places of the rocks;
Nor slow to draw music from
The fluted comb.
Spread a bed of gathered down
From dandelion clocks;
Scorn not the thorn whereon there grows
The everlasting rose.
Do not you afear to spin
A thread to catch the air,
Nor lack to pluck the golden broom
On the high ledges where
The rare birds there do preen and plume
Themselves above the bay.
Nor fail to sail a coral boat
Out to meet the day
At dun of dawn: And may
Your eye descry
Whatever there shall lie
Between the green sea and the sky.

A. L. ROWSE.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Too Much of a Chance

In a mistrustful world it is pleasant to contemplate the clear-eyed faith of Mr. Hackett in his company of players, in their ability to see him through. It would have been pleasanter still to find that his reliance had not been misplaced, but the unhappy truth is that neither Miss Lorne nor Mr. Wakefield, steadily behaving according to expectations and rarely if ever out of the picture, can keep an evening going with such blatantly makeshift material as is given them in *Take a Chance* at the Whitehall Theatre. Somehow it seemed that we had laughed too often at Miss Lorne dropping her handbag and Mr. Wakefield getting drunk; and this is obviously unfair, since each happening is quite definitely funny. They cease to be funny only when one realises that nothing else is going to be provided for them or for us. Although nobody else can do what they do, they need, as do all artists, material with something moderately worth while to wo k on.

As a farcical comedy about racing, *Take a Chance* compares extremely unfavourably with *The Sport of Kings*. Its plot, which is far too complicated, moves forward in jerks, each one of which appears to be the last. Its comic ideas, when good, are old, as the placing of glue upon the chair destined for Mr. Wakefield, over which he hovers, beautifully ignorant, for what seems like hours. A certain amount of production-daring is manifest, as in one scene which takes place inside a two-seater car, yet even here the result is flat, partly because the action hangs fire and partly because, if the sound-film is to be challenged on its own ground, the trick must be very well done to succeed. In every other respect the piece is very dull cobbling, in spite of all the good work of the principals, of Miss Ruth Taylor, of Mr. Ian Hunter and of Miss Barbara Hoffe.

A Good Thriller

The House at Six (at the Regal) must be reckoned with *The Man from Chicago* among the best films coming from a British studio. This excellent thriller bears about it a little too much of a stage origin, but is very well produced, photographed and acted. The set, in ye olde countrie house manner, is complicated and ingenious without being ridiculous, and is put to a use which enables the story to proceed with ease and rapidity. The murderer is obvious, by sheer unlikelihood, to the seasoned reader of detective fiction, but this is a drawback that can nowadays hardly be helped, and there are one or two surprises that even a thriller fan will miss. As usual in pictures of this kind, the comic relief is the least satisfactory part of the story. The Shakespearean tradition, which insists on the automatic arrival of both male and female clowns at stated intervals, is presumably, though unhappily, too strong to be now eradicated. Our chief congratulations must go to the author of *The House at Six*, but British International Pictures can be complimented on having told a good story well.

Home and Beauty

Seed, with John Boles, at the New Gallery, is more remarkable for its matter than its manner, being, presumably, a film adaptation of an extremely interesting social comedy. An American author with five children finds his home life and *hausfrau* intolerable, and bolts with an Egeria to Paris, leaving the *hausfrau* to bring up her large, noisy family. Ten years later he reappears with this second wife, as the world's leading novelist, and snatches away the adoring children as well. It must be admitted that the writer of *Seed*, in order to drive home his "The woman pays" theory, has had to make the wife play her cards rather badly, though not, perhaps, sufficiently badly to sacrifice our sympathy at the end. All the cast, including the family of essentially nice but extremely tiresome children, act well to make up an ingeniously told picture. I should have preferred, I think, to see *Seed* as played by a first-rate American theatrical company. But, short of that, I am very well content to see it on the screen at the New Gallery. For the cinema, with all its merits, rarely offers food for grown-up intelligences, and *Seed* is essentially adult.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, August 8th—
Promenade Concerts begin, Queen's Hall, 8.

Monday, August 10th—
"The Midshipmaid," by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, Shaftesbury Theatre.

Tuesday, August 11th—
"Black Magic," by Nesta Sawyer, Royalty Theatre.
International Gladioli Exhibition, Horticultural Hall.
Mr. Norman Bentwich on "Law and Justice in Russia," B.B.C., 10.

Wednesday, August 12th—
"The Play of the Maid Mary." Garden of the Bishop's Palace, Chichester. 3 and 6.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I COULD wish that Mrs. Leyel, in her introduction to Mrs. Grieve's bounteous and fascinating book, *A Modern Herbal* (Cape, £2 2s.), had not thought it necessary to warn amateurs against compounding herbal remedies for themselves. No doubt the warning is necessary. Risk as great as lies in any mineral drug may lurk in the innocent-seeming leaves of potent plants, and sudden death might come to the over-eager investigator of herbs and flowers. It is true also that some of the ancient advice about the administration of herbal medicine may seem to the modern and uninitiated a trifle vague. For instance, Gerard says of Woody Nightshade, also known as Bitter-sweet:

> The juice is good for those that have fallen from high places, and have been thereby bruised or beaten, for it is thought to dissolve blood congealed or cluttered anywhere and to heal the hurt places.

But does the patient fallen from high places drink the juice of Bitter-sweet, also called Felonwort and Dulcamara, or does he anoint himself with it? Uncertainty of this kind certainly justifies an editor in uttering a caution for the unlearned, but I still wish it had been possible to give some simple recipes for extracting the virtue from such beneficent vegetables as Valerian, Agrimony, Bur Marigold, Wood Betony, Foxglove and Balm of Gilead. Anyway I suppose external application would nearly always be less dangerous than an internal exhibition of drugs; and there are some old recipes, mainly for unguents as this, for a Burne:

> Take of the plant called *Thorneaple*, and Elder leaves, 2 good handfuls; pound both leaves and apples very small in A stone mortar, then take a pound of Baron hogs lard watered and putt them altogether in an earthen pan, working them well together; lett itt stand till it begins to hoare [grow musty], and then sett it over A soft fire, not letting it boyle; then strain it, and putt in fresh herbes; order itt as before; this doe three times; and then keep itt for your use; it will keep seven years.

* * *

Most of us, I imagine, have experienced a sensation of relaxation and relief when Milton ceases those rather solemn lectures between our "general mother" and Adam, and comes to his lovely description of the earliest bridal-chamber.

> The roof
> Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
> Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
> Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
> Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
> Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
> Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
> Rear'd high their flourisht heads between, and wrought
> Mosaic; under-foot the violet,
> Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
> Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
> Of costliest emblem.

I would not hint that poets do not frequent the country-side, or fail to learn and recognise English flowers and plants; but I think the loving catalogues which we sometimes find in our older poets' works, and now, more rarely in those who love and can see the country, are partly inspired by the recollection of the herbalists' beautiful litanies of flower-names. I could read the mere titles, enchanted and enchanting, in these two volumes, for a summer's afternoon. The shy fancy, the rude wit, the tenderness, the blunt wisdom of the English peasant can be found in them; and rarely far off is that profound sense of poetry which can still inspire the speech of the country-side. Melilot or Sweet Lucerne, Amaranth or Love-lies-Bleeding, Herb Patience, Earth Smoke, Fritillary, Blue Cap, Stinking Tommy, Cherry Pie, Lizzy-run-up-the-Hedge, Parson and Clerk, Silver Bells, Live-in-Idleness and Love-in-Winter: is it any wonder that England produces good poetry about the sights and smells of the country?

It is a fault in this book that no bibliography is given. To students of the subject such names as Gerard and Culpeper are familiar; but the book is so good that we wish either the compiler or Mrs. Leyel would provide future editions with a general historical introduction on the subject of herbals. Of the old ones Gerard is the most attractive. It was published in 1597, and until recently was one of those volumes which were to be found in any good country library. Mrs. Grieve's work will, however, reconcile many of us to the loss or theft of our Gerard. It is the first book of its kind I have met which includes American plants as well as our own; its collotype illustrations are excellent, though it would be pleasant if an edition were issued with coloured plates. The order of the book is alphabetical, and under each heading Mrs. Grieve gives the description, the constituents, the medicinal uses and other notes. What is especially attractive are her digressions into the regions of cookery and medicine. I gather she is a strong believer in the potency of herbs, fruit and flowers; and her volume must be read with at least the degree of credulity that the sympathetic reader brings to a book on modern physics or astronomy; but it needs less simple faith than modern psychological treatises. When I have been able to test her suggested remedies, I can guarantee their efficacy; but there are some of which I have never heard, and which would need no little courage to attempt. The use of a poultice of rotten apples for sore eyes is a Lincolnshire remedy which must, for me, remain there; nor can I understand the recommendation of that French doctor who, believing that apple-juice was powerful against typhoid, suggested that doubtful drinking-water should be mixed with cider. Why pour out the drinking-water? It is startling to learn that frankincense was once used internally, and was commended by Avicenna in the tenth century as a remedy for "tumours, ulcers, vomiting, dysentery and fevers." Although I am a friend to the fig I am glad we have not introduced into this country that substitute for bread which serves in the Greek Archipelago, and is "a sort of cake made by smashing up inferior figs."

* * *

I was recently staying for a few days in an English hotel. It was good, and rightly boasted of its "country-house atmosphere." The menu cards were, however, in French, and the prices of the wines were of that excessive height which sometimes makes me believe the English hotels and restaurants must be controlled by the tea-trade. For instance, there was a Bordeaux, a good wine of a good year, for which eight shillings a bottle was asked; the same wine can be bought—or could six months ago—at several well-known London stores at 54s. a dozen. The hotel probably paid much less than that; it certainly should pay much less, if the proprietor knows his business, and buys his wine when it is young. But I wondered, as I looked through Mrs. Grieve's book, why the country hotel does not revive the making of old English wines. For those who classify all drinking-water as doubtful, even when sold as beer, this would be a great boon. In many farms in Dorset, Devon, Gloucestershire and Surrey I have had most excellent wine made from cowslip, dandelion, blackcurrant, and ginger. Mrs. Grieve gives recipes for some of these, and one for a raspberry wine which is new to me. Then there is mead. I still lament the theft, twenty years ago, of three bottles of this admirably supporting drink, brewed for me by an octogenarian farmer in Whitechurch Canonicorum. I was keeping them till the metheglin matured; and one came in the night and reft them from me. The English are an odd people, and perhaps they could not be persuaded to drink home-made wines; but I am sure that the first good hotel to advertise the old English wines will have a great success with Americans; and think of the power of a cocktail made of The Lesser Red Rattle, Grains of Paradise and Crab's Claw!

RICHARD SUNNE.

LORD SALISBURY

Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury. By his daughter, LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL. Vol. III. 1880–1886. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

During the six years covered by Lady Gwendolen Cecil's new volume, Lord Salisbury was twice Prime Minister and, during his first ministry, Foreign Secretary as well. As Foreign Secretary he was happy: the Premiership he often found tiresome and unsatisfying. No doubt his daughter lays her finger on the principal reason when she says that Lord Salisbury never thought much of appearances. He enjoyed real power as Foreign Secretary; as Prime Minister he found his energy frittered away in unproductive tasks of management. Colleagues needed endless tact: he had, he said once, four departments to run—the Treasury, the Foreign Office, the Queen and Randolph Churchill—and the last was the most exacting. Not that Lord Salisbury was deficient in the arts of management. Personal rivalries did not flourish under his disinterested rule, and no one could have been more patient with the irrepressible Lord Randolph. But the whole party and personal side of politics was always something of a bore to him. He could not compete with Gladstone in oratory, and the task of choosing words which could not be misconstrued or give offence was uncongenial. He was as instinctively direct and outspoken as Gladstone was instinctively tortuous. And all the time there was the feeling that these legislative issues were either harmful or useless. He liked England just as it was; he believed in inequality, social and political, and he condemned enthusiastic reformers of all kinds as dangerous doctrinaires. Lord Randolph's Tory democracy was only a degree less bad in his eyes than Gladstone's idealistic Liberalism. He hated the vague generalities of the political platform and remarked that the only restraint he would like "to impose on the liberty of the Press would be to make political abstractions penal."

An aristocrat of the aristocrats, Salisbury approved working men as long as they touched their hats and knew their place. He comforted himself for the Reform Bill of 1885 by the assurance that the workmen of the towns were of superior intelligence and would therefore vote Conservative. He was not unmoved by the *Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, that flaming pamphlet which played so large a part in stimulating the social philanthropy of the 'eighties. But though he regretted the evils of slumdom, he would not countenance an attack on slum landlords, and he regarded any analysis of society which threatened the sanctity of private property as mere demagogy. As a domestic statesman he stood four-square against the main tendency of his age. In this he and the Queen and Lord Hartington were perfectly in agreement, and it was only Hartington's objection to losing the title of Liberal that prevented a coalition of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists at the end of 1885. The Queen (who on occasion wrote much in the manner of Mr. J. L. Garvin) vehemently urged that "there must be a coalition of all moderate and intelligent people"—a national government to meet the national emergency. The emergency was Mr. Gladstone, with his disastrous foreign policy, his Home Rule programme and all his other dangerous innovations.

All this emerges with admirable clarity in Lady Gwendolen Cecil's narrative. She is no less successful in describing her father's conduct of foreign affairs. She makes good sense out of the tangle of the Balkans, and is at her best in describing the characteristics which made Lord Salisbury so remarkable a foreign minister. He was never afraid of responsibility, and had a superb capacity for making swift and independent decisions. No minister was ever less in the hands of his permanent officials. He enjoyed acting alone, and he could be unconventional in the Foreign Office in a way that was impossible on the platform. When the British representative in Egypt suggested "neutralisation" as a solution he telegraphed: "As to neutralisation, I will write. Pretty word—no real meaning." And he wired to the British representative at Constantinople: "I gather that you are at a disadvantage as being the only ambassador who does not pay one of the Sultan's ministers. Do you think so? If so, how much will it cost?" When the Colonial Office (next door to the Foreign Office in Downing Street), proved impossibly slow, he wrote to the Colonial Secretary by way of postscript: "Do you mind me driving a hole into your room? It would expedite consultation—and the present distance between the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office, reckoned by time, is about as long as the distance between London and Berlin." Sometimes, it is true, he was bored—whenever there was ceremony. He found it especially difficult to keep awake during unimportant visits from prolix ambassadors, and he purchased a sharp wooden paper-knife to dig into his thigh whenever he found himself nodding.

The defect of Lady Gwendolen Cecil's account is in her handling of the Irish question. It is a glaring defect in a book which is excellently written and otherwise both frank and penetrating. During these years there occurred the one opportunity of an agreed settlement of the Irish question. Salisbury's part in the matter has always been mysterious and unsatisfactory, and his daughter treats the story as if there were nothing much to explain. She writes as if Lord Carnarvon's biography had never appeared, as if we did not know that Carnarvon had told Salisbury that he was anxious for some form of Home Rule before Salisbury ever appointed him as Viceroy. Salisbury had been seathing enough when the Liberal leaders carried on unofficial negotiations with Parnell. But he himself chose as Viceroy a man whom he knew to be a Home Ruler, and then allowed him to interview Parnell at a time when we know (not from Lady Gwendolen Cecil) that several other members of the Tory Cabinet were also ready for wide measures of Irish reform. Salisbury chose a Home Ruler as Viceroy, permitted conversations with Parnell, spoke with approbation of the idea of extending local government in Ireland, and then "was wholly contemptuous" when Gladstone offered to support him in legislating for Ireland in the manner suggested by his own Viceroy, and accepted (the evidence is in Morley's *Gladstone*) by Parnell. By 1887 Salisbury had come to the conclusion that the only hope for Ireland was twenty years of firm government—after which a cowed Ireland could be safely given any kind of freedom England thought good for her. From that time onwards the stage was set for the long-drawn tragedy of the Home Rule struggle: the Conservative Party having thrown its full weight upon the Ulster side, reason or compromise were defeated and bitterness and catastrophe inevitable. The opportunity had passed. If Lady Gwendolen Cecil had realised that this was a crucial moment in English and Irish history, as well as one of the most important in her father's life, she might have written a great biography. She might have gathered all the evidence about the Irish crisis together and explained what motives were responsible for Salisbury's odd behaviour. As it is we still have to refer to a dozen books and await the candid historian of the Irish crisis.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

THE BIOLOGICAL TELESCOPE

Parade of the Living. By J. HODGDON BRADLEY. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

Plant Life Through the Ages. By A. C. SEWARD. Cambridge University Press. 30s.

New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man. By SIR A. KEITH. Williams and Norgate. 21s.

If the telescope has become the almost traditional symbol of astronomy, the microscope plays the same part for biology in the popular mind. Yet biology, too, has a telescope, a colossal metaphorical instrument, pointing back into remote time rather than out into remote space. It is, of course, the evolution theory, the scheme of descent, the plan of relationship between organised beings. And to-day, as is often quite rightly said, biologists may not be very sure as to the *means* by which evolution has been brought about, but they are surer than ever that evolution has taken place.

The science of palæontology, which largely deals with the animals and plants of remote past epochs, would not at first sight seem to be suited for popularisation, and a glance through such a book as Woodward's *Vertebrate Palæontology* would lead one to despair of it. But Dr. Bradley has been brilliantly successful in his survey, and, in avoiding the slightly solemn Huxleyan manner of such a book as Ray Lankester's *Extinct Animals*, has produced a charming work. Beginning with the origin of life, concerning which he very candidly confesses the depth of our ignorance, he goes on to describe the successive periods of dominance, when first the backboneless animals, then the fishes, then the reptiles, and finally the mammals, enjoyed supremacy in the sea, the land, and the air. He draws attention

to the greatest puzzle of palæontology, namely, the causes for the extinction of apparently successful groups.

> No competitor, no enemy, no manner of external influence can fully account for the extermination of a whole great class of organisms. Death comes ultimately from within. The Trilobites (animals related to crabs, long since extinct) failed to keep abreast of the times. None of them had built skeletons to protect their vulnerable underparts. None of them had grown weapons of offence like the pincers of later relatives. While other creatures had been evolving bodies of greater efficiency, the Trilobite had become set in his ways. Towards the end he blossomed as the rose. His majestic person was adorned with spines and pustules. But such refinement spawns in the decay of a race, like excessive luxury in a civilisation grown rotten. The blood of the Trilobite was running thin and his hour was approaching. He had grown old.

In this sort of way Dr. Bradley awards praise and blame to *Pteranodon* and *Icthyosaurus*, complimenting this race on its swiftness, and pointing out the characteristic weakness of that. The book proceeds almost like an after-dinner speech: "Under a sun that shrivelled the bodies and the hopes of all other creatures, on a land as barren as the despair it bred, the reptiles began a career more brilliant than that of any animal before or since." And, carried along by a judicious and entertaining prose, the general reader learns many most interesting things: how the largest aerial animals were not birds, but reptiles, how by the invention of ovoviviparity the reptiles were enabled to return to the sea, how the sea-serpent of the Eocene was not a snake at all, but a mammal gone to sea, and closely related to modern whales. Although *Zeuglodon* was extraordinarily impressive, seventy feet long and five feet wide, with an average speed of twenty-five knots, he and his relatives perished before the close of the epoch that saw them originate. Dr. Bradley's book is in the very first rank of those in which the general reader can really read about what is seen through the biological telescope.

Professor Seward's view of the vegetation of the earth in past ages, and Sir Arthur Keith's account of recent discoveries relating to the antiquity of man, are books of a rather different type—much more detailed, more technical, and requiring a prior enthusiasm for their subject-matter. In both cases we have the satisfaction of listening to acknowledged masters of their sciences. Professor Seward has induced a distinguished water-colour painter, Mr. Edward Vulliamy, to draw for him a series of landscapes in which we see the characteristic vegetation of the various geological ages flourishing once again in a very striking manner. Beginning with a geological section of considerable length, he goes on to the earliest records of plant life (in the Pre-Cambrian), and so to the Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian, etc. At the end an interesting section is devoted to the unsolved problem of the evolution of the flowering plants.

Sir Arthur Keith's book is definitely a companion-volume to the 1929 edition of his *Antiquity of Man*. It contains the discoveries of the past five years, and will be read with great interest by all who have followed the public reports of such finds as those of Mr. Leakey's East African Archæological Expedition (the Gamble and Elmenteitan skulls), the Palestine Anthropological Expeditions, and the Rockefeller workers, Black, Anderssen, Teilhard and Pei, in China. In the light of modern results, Sir Arthur Keith reconsiders the Javan remains (Pithecanthropus), the London skull, and opens again the matter of the Piltdown material. Piltdown man had previously been excluded from the ancestry of modern man because of the ape-like features of his jaw and teeth, but the occurrence of similar ape-like features in the skull of Sinanthropus brings the subject back into the field of debate, and Sir Arthur Keith concludes that the Piltdown man may very well be the early pleistocene ancestor of the modern races of mankind. The final chapter is particularly interesting, for it discusses the discovery by Professor Hansen of skull-fragments presenting in a pronounced degree all the features of palæolithic man, in a Norwegian Christian cemetery of the twelfth century. Three explanations are possible: (*a*) that some representative of ancient man had survived and got himself buried in Norse times; (*b*) that it was a case of atavism; (*c*) that the ductless glands can produce an arrangement of bones pathologically, similar to what occurred much earlier in evolution. Sir Arthur Keith adopts the third view, which is particularly interesting in that Virchow, when first shown the Neanderthal remains in 1856, interpreted them as pathological.

NEW NOVELS

The Hidden Child. By FRANZ WERFEL. Translated by GEOFFREY DUNLOP. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

Broome Stages. By CLEMENCE DANE. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

The Shortest Night. By G. B. STERN. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

A Modern Vanity Fair. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Benn. 7s. 6d.

The Brontës Went to Woolworth's. By RACHEL FERGUSON. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Nobody could begin reading Herr Werfel's *The Hidden Child* in a casual lighthearted way. A certain awe must penetrate the spirit of the boldest reader when he learns, before even opening its 600 packed pages, that the *Dagens Nyheder* deems it "an induplicable contemporary document," that *Il Lavoro Fascista* sees in it "a tremendous construction," or that in far-away Esthonia it came to the critic of the *Riga Sezodnja* as a vision of "Goethean proportions." These first impressions are heightened by the tributes of the *Dzien Polski*, *El Sol*, the *Slovo* of Sofia, amongst many others; and the gateway of the title-page crowns this portentous avenue with an extremely obscure inscription from Johannes Ruysbroeck. However, after all, one does start. On board the steamer *Assuan*, heading east off Cape Matapan, we are shown the ship's doctor, Dr. Ferdinand R—— (by a pointless mystification his full name is never disclosed), leaving a party of passengers in the bar and walking to the bows. There, mysteriously and no doubt mystically, he is observed to be dropping "something white" into the stormy sea. And to discover what that something was we are launched upon the even wider and stormier seas of Dr. R——'s whole life-story. In the end, it turns out to be a little bag containing the savings of his old nurse. Of course, there is a Meaning in this. Exactly what, even the author, at the last, finds it difficult to explain: especially as Ferdinand was not, as he says, a man "of song, of words" ("he would be ashamed to shout, or, by some wild theatrical-looking gesture, arouse the irony of the moon"). But a Meaning there must be. This is a very serious book.

Stripped of its prelude and epilogue, however, *The Hidden Child* presents no great difficulties of understanding, though it calls for plenty of perseverance. Ferdinand was the only child of an officer in the Imperial Austrian Army, and, owing to the desertion of his mother and the early death of his father, was brought up mainly by a devoted, pious, single-hearted Bohemian nurse, old Barbara. The story of his life is unfolded, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, through a period of abortive theological training, through his experiences in the war, which he reached with his first years of manhood, and through a tumultuous and confusing period of post-war revolutionary ventures, to his ultimate retreat from an impossible world as a ship's doctor. Evidently the character of R—— holds a deep significance for the author (so at least he would have us believe), but, possibly through a certain crabbedness in the translation, which is conscientious enough, he remains a rather flat, intangible creation. There is more vitality in the portrayal of two of the men who move parallel with his course through these thirty-five years of his life—the half-crazy Jew, Engländer, and the bullying officer, Steidler; and there is more life, too, even in the rather hackneyed figure of old Barbara. Still, the book has sudden moments of power. The central, determining experience of Ferdinand's war is a horribly real account of his being detailed to carry out the execution of three soldiers for desertion in the field. As narrative that is the best thing in the vast chronicle; though, given the material facts, it would be hard not to make the episode telling. All in all, Herr Werfel looks to me like an Austrian Hall Caine. And as such he may be taken or left.

Miss Clemence Dane also, if only by proffering 700 large pages of *Broome Stages*, compels deliberation. Before long, I think, these massive, lengthy novels of the past year or two will have to be viewed in the light of stricter canons of criticism than they have been. The old three-decker of sixty years ago is reappearing in the guise of a pocket-battleship. Why? Does this development reflect an authentic artistic necessity? Or is it, perhaps unconsciously, only meeting some quite extrinsic requirements of a commercial nature? Miss Dane, at any rate, can point to a wide sweep of time as justification of the scale she has chosen,

for her intricate chronicle of the Broome family opens in 1715 and ends at the present time. She needed elbow-room, and she has taken it. The Broomes, in one of her own introducing phrases:

> by persistent playing of the classics and constant inter-marriage with stage-struck superiors, have long since grown into gentlefolk who use the stage as a profession.

From the first of the dynasty this was so. Richard, the village lad who fell in with the travelling barnstormers, started the two-fold character of his family by marrying twice: his daughter by Phoebe married a duke, whilst his son by the second wife carried on the direct theatrical succession. Cousins married, and the structure was well consolidated by the time of the Regency, to endure unchallenged until its essence was altered by the rise of Hollywood a century later. A strange theme, in a way, but Miss Dane has lavished an astonishing wealth of romantic imagination upon it. At first, somehow, one is kept looking here and there for analogies by which to recognise the story as a *roman à clef*. But no key fits. The Broomes are self-generated, and the absence of a model from which this vast gallery might have been drawn or magnified makes the author's achievement the more striking.

Yet perhaps the isolation of these fictitious Broomes from anything in the recorded social history of England has made Miss Dane's novel, for all its strength, fall a little short of complete achievement. Nothing of this kind ever happened in real life; and to make it seem plausible, even when we are drawn fully into the curious charmed circle of this Broome world, that these successive generations kinged and queened it as she would have us believe, Miss Dane has been made to draw them all, and particularly the men, rather over life-size. Their charm and their acting genius have to be irresistibly conveyed if we are to accept and believe in the Broomes. Shakespeare, it is true, can help: soaked in works of genius, they might well produce a semblance of intrinsic greatness in themselves. And let it be said that, on several occasions in her chronicle, Miss Dane shows an enviable gift for conveying the electricity of a great piece of acting. But the famous Broome "charm," to myself at least, remains uncommunicated. I often found myself wishing that these people could be less dramatic and more stagey, less of gentlefolk and more of *cabotin*. But it is vain to wish that an author should have conceived a totally different strain in the blood of his creatures. The book is there, larger than life. But its own life is undeniable.

After all these great gentlemen of the stage it is quite refreshing to meet, in Miss Stern's *The Shortest Night*, Mr. Fred Poole, who came to rest at Mrs. Framlingham's Riviera villa after plugging the theme-song in "Double the Pace" for 514 nights. But only for a moment, for hardly has he arrived than he is found dead. Who killed this unpleasant fellow? Why, when, and where? Miss Stern knows, but keeps the secret neatly until almost the end, adding a cunning little twist of tragi-comedy in her last paragraphs. True, most of the innocent characters could do with a little quiet murdering just as much as poor Mr. Poole, especially a certain Mrs. Ruth Jackson, known as "Rumples," who is for ever musing whimsically in this vein:

> I wonder what would happen if Sirocco married Mistral. I mean I wonder what sort of little breezes their babies would be.

However, if you go to the Riviera, you must take your company as you find it. Read at the speed of 200 pages per hour, the tale is good diversion.

Mr. Stephen Graham tempts one to read more slowly in *A Modern Vanity Fair*, for he has a nice taste in odd characters; but he tends to hurry them past and plunge them into new complications and comedies before he has quite exploited the possibilities of each successive set. His contemporary Vanity Fair is for the most part that of all-night bottle-parties in Chelsea, and young men living on no income but a safe credit of two-thousand-a-year, with young ladies to match. There is an amusing farcical episode of an East End by-election of the 1930–31 type; but, in so fantastic a connection as that, is it possible for any artist to improve on nature? It was perhaps a mistake to tell in the end the story of how Xavier Riddell was thrown out of the Opera House in Paris: that was the only fact known about him when he broke into London society, and the mystery was more amusing than the facts.

As for *The Brontës Went to Woolworth's*, what can anyone say? For whimsy is the very devil, and whimsy this is, *in excelsis*. Miss Ferguson takes us all unsuspecting by the hand, and leads us right into the glowing heart of that always embarrassing situation, the sustained Family Joke. For the three Carne sisters and their mother have a little playbox of imaginary friends who take just as large a part in their lives as real ones, and the fantasy people and the real people all merge into one happy, wholesome unity. The wholesomeness is enlivened by a good deal of wit jutting up through the sugar-icing; these morsels are pleasant to pull out. But all in all this *surréalisme* for the polite, *Punch*-subscribing home struck me as a niminy-piminy business. Even by page 55 I could sympathise with the new governess who wrote home: "I love a joke, but this is *v.* wearing . . ."

HAMISH MILES.

A POET OF HUMILITY

Collected Poems: By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Seeker. 7s. 6d.

Mr Martin Armstrong has made so considerable a reputation as a novelist that we tend to forget how he was first well known as a poet. It is a dangerous fate, which Hardy dreaded, and which he made frantic efforts in his later years to avoid. This volume of Mr. Armstrong's verse, though not very much in bulk, should save him from being forgotten as a poet, even though he may intend, as we judge from the implication in the word "Collected," to write no more verse. This intention may be due to the sober suggestion of middle-life, a period when the poet's temper settles to well-contentedness, and wonders with ever-increasing surprise at the rare miracle of words, and at the increasing shyness of the spirit of poetry, who is so reluctant to inhabit the city, or even the wayside cottage, of verse.

I suspect, however, a more personal quality in Mr. Armstrong's attitude. An examination of his work reveals a touch of half-humorous, half-sardonic shrewdness, which may be traced to an origin of despairing humility. He saw so much that he was overcome with a sense of helplessness hard to distinguish, in its action, from thorough-going pessimism. We all know the mood, the state of mind. It is a religious condition, found only in the contemplative. In the true mystic it develops into a love-passion of painful happiness. St. Francis is a great example of such a source of inspiration. Fra Angelico is another. They look at the light, and despair. In that despair they turn away to consider, as a second-best adventure, the flotsam and jetsam

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of this mutable universe. And in that varied scene they see, in a myriad miniatures, the superb Oneness which by a direct regard had blinded them and abased them into hopelessness.

A philosophy grows out of that experience; a philosophy of love and faith working by pragmatic means. It is the only one for an artist, whose first need is to see and to know the world around him, and whose second need is to discover in the facets of that world a uniformity of reflection. Without this philosophy he can never learn the vast importance of detail; he can never know the one axiom for an artist, that he must be seeking always for a phenomenon, a body, a symbol, by which to reflect the particular aspect of the Light, the Noumenon, with which he is inspired.

It was this realisation which made Stevenson cry, "Eliminate! Eliminate!" and which moved Blake to "see a world in a grain of sand and a heaven in a wild flower." Sooner or later, everybody who wants to *do*, to build, to make something, during his short span of years, must turn his mind away from the dazzling source of life and seek it as it is minutely represented in things, events, and individuals, all of which sprang from it. Without that elliptical technique of existence, we gaze and gaze, and gradually blind ourselves in that ocean of light, learning nothing, achieving nothing. To sum up this philosophy of life briefly, we may say that it is a proposal to find truth through the gate of humility.

Mr. Armstrong's verse vividly illustrates that method. Almost every poem emphasises it, and in consequence his work hangs together in a consistency so striking that at once we say, "Here is a personality fully conscious of itself and deliberately circumscribed." He makes a wise man say:

> And the sunlight is not known
> Save by what it shines upon.
> Never search the dim and vast,
> All eternity goes past
> In a schoolboy's merry laughter,
> And the Infinite is spanned
> When girls go dancing hand in hand,
> Between one step and the step after.

Still more clearly does Mr. Armstrong sum up his creed in a lyric called "The Cage," which is significantly the first poem in the book.

> Man, afraid to be alive,
> Shut his soul in senses five,
> From fields of uncreated light
> Into the crystal tower of sight,
> And from the roaring winds of space
> Into the small flesh-carven place
> Of the ear whose cave impounds
> Only small and broken sounds;
> And to this narrow sense of touch
> From strength that held the stars in clutch;
> And from the warm ambrosial spice
> Of flowers and fruits of Paradise
> To the frail and fitful power
> Of tongue's and nostril's sweet and sour.
> And toiling for a sordid wage
> There his self-created cage,
> Ah, how safely barred is he
> From menace of eternity.

I referred above to Mr. Armstrong's vein of bitter humour. It is only another phase of the same personality. It is that sort of half-mocking grumpiness by which lovers can betray a passion whose intensity borders on disaster and tragedy. Shakespeare is full of that jest. "When an I was a little tiny boy, The rain it raineth every day." For some of us he implies, in that nonsense sung as an epilogue to a pleasant comedy, more pity, more sense of the smallness of man in relation to the vastness of his environment, than we find in the whole play of *King Lear*.

Allowing for the difference caused by the sophistication of our age, Mr. Armstrong's humour is not dissimilar in kind. His jokes, and his kindly observation of the warts and bunions spoiling our human dignity, have a larger intention behind them than is directly expressed. When "Miss Thompson Goes Shopping," or when "Mrs. Reece Laughs"—to quote the titles of two poems—we sit beside him and chuckle at the comedy. But when the shopping is finished, we see "The stars come dropping through the air"; and when Mrs. Reece has laughed, silence returns with that sense of fear which is seldom absent from Mr. Armstrong's work; and we are reminded that:

> We are the bloodless echoes of the past,
> Blown between vast and vast.
> Miserable automata, we check
> Each impulse at the beck
> Of dead, forbidding hands.

So we discover the two motives of Mr. Armstrong's work: the philosophic effort, and the timid hesitancy. They urge him from opposite sides, and thus this poet of humility is formed. His unique quality is due to that conciseness and precision. Few artists have been so successful in harnessing both their strength and their weakness to labour harmoniously together. This utility has its drawbacks, however, and we find ourselves wishing that sometimes Mr. Armstrong would show a masculine extravagance and make a reckless overdraft upon his account in the bank of human passions.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE VILLAGE PUMP

Dear Countrymen. By S. L. BENSUSAN. Murray. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bensusan divides his book into the twelve months of the year: the seasons change and the crops come and go, but the people remain the same. In August and at Christmas they are equally stubborn, slow, outwardly half-witted, inwardly cunning, masters of trickery and theft, relishers of the commonplace, wholehearted venomous carriers of gossip—the good people of Essex! To anyone who knows Essex less thoroughly than Mr. Bensusan it may seem that he does these people an injustice: is garrulity the one amiable quality they possess? Are they really so suspicious of "foreigners," and so ignorant of everything outside their own village? Mr. T. F. Powys once wrote a story about a village which discovered, to its patriotic horror, that King Charles's head had come off; and Mr. Bensusan's Mrs. Timm observes to a neighbour, "House of Commins, mind ye. That's somethin' they got in Lunnon. I've seen a piece about it in the paper, many's th' time." It is Mr. Bensusan's Essex, not ours. His stories are most of them tall, and he gets his best effects by relating them in the most matter-of-fact way. For example, the story in which the House of Commons sounds on lips of the villagers like "New York" spoken by a moujik is admirably matter-of-fact and humorous. A local celebrity, reputed to have "forever of money" and known to be a queer joker, goes to a sale and buys a large teak settle, which he places beside the village pump marked in plain black lettering "House of Commons. Women only." The devotees of the pump (women only) were fury-stricken; they poured curses on the head of the absent donor, declared they had never been so insulted, and, of course, they would never think of using the seat. Six months later they were still arguing, but sitting. One lady had said:

> "Darn me if I don't set on th' owd thing, jest to show I don't think nawthen' to him."
>
> Martha Ram followed suit. "I ain't behowden to him any," she remarked, "but, speakin' perfessionally, too much standin' ain't good for folks."
>
> After that the descent was easy.

The descent in most of these stories is easy: an amiable, humorous, well-timed bump at the end, which may bring a wry smile without hurting. Mr. Bensusan writes to a rigid formula, and his stories are so short that he does not let himself digress or rise to the glorious tangles of which W. W. Jacobs is a master. A fairly complicated-looking knot is tied, and then released in a sentence. But within this convention Mr. Bensusan manages to pack an astonishing variety of gossip, local suspicion and lore, and a dialect which makes any conversation a pleasure to read. The seasons of the year and the round of village work give him enough material to go on writing as long as he will, because anything from a rise in the price of corn to an election speech by a parliamentary candidate is enough to start his sense of gossip. *Dear Countrymen* has about seventy stories, and they are all ingenious. The countrymen are all "characters," but in so small a form they are none the worse for that.

THE EARLY COTTON INDUSTRY

The Cotton Trade and Industrial Lancashire, 1600-1780. By A. P. WADSWORTH and JULIA DE LACY MANN. Manchester University Press. 25s.

This admirable book is one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the economic history of this country. Though the popular versions of the industrial revolution have largely, too largely, been written in terms of the cotton industry, no full-dress history of the Lancashire manufacturer has been made since Baines wrote in 1835. Baines's work was largely concerned with

the epoch of Arkwright, Crompton, and the great inventions. The story which Mr. Wadsworth and Miss Mann unfold is that of the preceding epoch. There have been books in abundance on the cotton industry between Baines and this present volume. In recent years the suggestive writings of Professor Chapman and Professor Daniels have shown how rich a field remained to be worked, just as a generation before the books of Schulze-Gaevernitz, Ellison and Mann indicated the multiplicity of problems that the expansion of this industry brought into prominence. The historian with a sense of irony, too, cannot but recall with melancholy pleasure the pronouncements of the pamphleteers and speechmakers who, in the spacious days before the cotton famine, used to perorate about the mission of the cotton industry, its power to initiate the age of universal peace and to spread the gifts of civilisation over a whole world that rejoiced in Lancashire pre-eminence.

The literature of the cotton trade is certainly voluminous, yet no one has ever examined its early history with a tithe of the thoroughness of Mr. Wadsworth and Miss Mann. In consequence, and because of the zeal with which they have ransacked the known sources and brought to light new ones, their work becomes at once the standard authority on the subject. In the absence of any other modern work, on any considerable scale, on the early history of the Lancashire cotton industry, that statement amounts to very little. Let it be added, then, that the authors have produced a mature and scholarly book, a book worthy of their theme, triumphantly surmounting the very considerable difficulties which faced them in the making of it. When it is said that it makes a contribution of high value to the economic history of the country, no more than the truth is stated. The work that Mr. Wadsworth and Miss Mann have done widens our perception of the forces of economic and social change and enlarges our knowledge of the history of a great industry. That is high praise, and it is deserved. It is worth an illustration. The authors close their text with a brief account of the introduction of spinning machinery into France. They reach the conclusion that it was not by accident that England led the way in the elaboration of the new spinning machinery. "The new machinery spread quickly in England because the whole community was interested in it. The freer organisation of industry and the higher standard of life among working men facilitated experiment and made the adoption of improvements profitable for a large number of people." One sees invention thus as a social product. How much more convincing that is than the old interpretation in terms of heroic kettle-watching!

It would be easy for the critic to protest that the authors have given us a series of essays—related essays, of course—rather than a unified study of the early cotton industry. They have themselves, however, admitted this charge, and they cite in their defence the plea that the economic history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is still largely a trackless territory. This is unfortunately true, though less so now they have put their independently initiated and complementary researches together than it was before. Their respective contributions are worth noting. Mr. Wadsworth deals with the growth and organisation of the Lancashire textile industries before 1700, with the capitalist organisation and enterprise of the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, and with the Lancashire wage-earners before the factory system was established. Miss Mann describes the growth of the cotton trade in the eighteenth century and the transition to machine spinning. They carry their history, that is, down to the end of the first experimental period in the growth of the factory system. If there is more of the dramatic in Mr. Wadsworth's chapters than in Miss Mann's, that is only because the element of conflict and the impact of change upon the individual is more prominent there. The surprising thing is the extent to which the authors avoid getting in each other's way, and the resultant wholeness of their book. It is quite easy to forget that it is a joint product.

In a short notice of a long book it is impossible to do more than pick out a few interesting points. The domestic system is adequately described and its quality carefully assessed. We need have no illusions about it, the authors say, but they do not fail to point out why the factory system was repellent. The book contains nothing more illuminating than its careful chapters on the Lancashire wage-earners before the coming of the factories: one finds in them not merely an instructive account of early Trade Unionism, but much that is important on the elusive subject of

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social differentiation. Again, it is helpful to have so careful an examination of the relations between agriculture and industry. Professor Daniels had suggested that the husbandman and the weaver were distinct economic figures. Mr. Wadsworth gives reason for rejecting this view. He stresses the close connection between agriculture and industry, which persisted almost until the final stages of the hand-loom weaver's decline. "The agrarian background," he says, "remained largely unchanged until long after the factory system had emerged," and the effect of enclosure in Lancashire was not so much to drive workers into the towns as to help the spread of industry in the country. Another nail is driven into the coffin of the older views of the Industrial Revolution by the care with which the slow emergence of the factory system is narrated. The mechanised industry is presented as the matured fruit of a couple of centuries of slow ripening. The lines of development which took shape under Arkwright, Peel and Oldknow were laid down long before they appeared.

It is appropriate that this book should issue from Manchester. Like most of the contributions of the Manchester school of economic historians, it is concerned with industrialism in the making. The reproach is sometimes directed against our economic historians—and not altogether without justice—that they have been obsessed by origins, that they do not bring their researches right through to the present day. So penetrating is this study of the rise of the cotton industry that it leaves little room for further work in the same field. One may hope that students will now build on Mr. Wadsworth's and Miss Mann's foundations, rewriting Baines and even telling us what happened after 1850. It is high time, and Mr. Wadsworth and Miss Mann have done much to make it as possible as it is imperative. H. L. BEALES.

"ONE MAN IN HIS TIME"

Schliemann of Troy. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated by D. F. TAIT. Putnam. 21s.

Herr Ludwig has, in this his latest work, probably hit upon the beau-ideal of a "biographee"; a man at once changeable and persevering, obstinate and candid, furious and placable, a lover of gold and a student of Homer, a millionaire and a mystic. Schliemann was not one man, but a dozen men, and his changes of mind were as many as the languages he jabbered so fluently. He was as restless as Odysseus: nay, had he been wrecked on Calypso's isle, he would have been out of it in a week. At the age of sixty-six, "in the course of two or three revolving moons," he rushed from Egypt to Athens, from Athens to Marienbad, from Marienbad to Berlin, from Berlin to Hamburg. He did everything in a hurry, yet there was a thoroughness about his methods. He had business in America, and the way he did it was to force himself on President Fillmore and obtain an interview of an hour and a half. He is cast penniless on the shores of Holland, and before we know he is the trusted agent of a Dutch firm. He goes to California, and picks up gold; he sets up business in Russia, and makes his fortune in an incredibly short time. The only thing he does at leisure is to repent of his first marriage, which one would have expected him to dissolve in a month, but which somehow lasted years. As for his second matrimonial experiment, it also was a gamble but more fortunate. He was resolved to marry a Greek, and he wrote to the Archbishop of Greece to select for him a maid of Athens "with black hair and, if possible, beautiful." The Archbishop sent him the portraits of a number of eligible girls. Schliemann picked out the portrait of Sophia Ergastromenos. He was over fifty: she was sixteen; and he married her.

As with places, so with people. Of all his friends, the illustrious Virchow was perhaps the most steadfast, and certainly did more than anyone else to give Schliemann a reputation among his German fellow-countrymen. But Virchow did not answer a letter asking for information which Schliemann wanted by return of post. "It is high time for me to regard my friendship with him as for ever at an end." A little later the letter came. The friendship, eternally shattered, was knitted more closely than ever; and the two men went up the Nile in company, like Orestes and Pylades or Damon and Pythias. Similarly with his father and his sisters: he quarrelled with all, but kept them from want, and insisted that they should share his triumph when he was honoured at Berlin. He provided for his first wife and for her children as if he had won the Dunmow flitch. He was, according to circumstances, sordidly penurious and magnificently generous.

The work which has made his name immortal inevitably roused controversy, the echoes of which have scarcely yet died away. It was his fate to arouse quarrels, and it was certainly exasperating to professional archæologists when one who was not of their mystery stepped in, and, by a mixture of audacity with extraordinary good luck, eclipsed them all. To the Homeric scholars, also, it was exasperating that a superstitious literalist should have, apparently, unearthed proofs that he was right and they were wrong. It was as if a Daytonian fundamentalist had announced the discovery of the tomb of Adam and Eve, with an embalmed serpent conveniently near, and the date 4004 B.C. legibly inscribed over it. On the real value of his achievements the verdict of Sir Arthur Evans, which he puts forth in the admirable introduction to this volume, will probably be accepted as final.

Herr Ludwig is hard put to it to find a single guiding principle in this amazingly kaleidoscopic life. He has read through twenty thousand papers, every one of which, most likely, presents a new aspect of the man. But he imagines that the secret lies in the love of gold—Schliemann was "a gold-seeker" first and foremost, and accordingly nearly all the chapters have the word "gold" in their headlines. It is not for those who have not read the twenty thousand papers to differ: and there is certainly something to be said for the theory. When Schliemann dreamed of money-bags, he feared, like Shylock, that "there was some ill a-brewing towards his rest." When his wife was ill he promised her a thousand francs for every kilogramme she gained in weight. When, on Hissarlik, he lighted on the "treasure of Priam," he sent all his workmen away, picked it out with his own hands, and poured it into the outspread apron of his wife. He certainly seems to have had a miser's feeling for the material, solid, yellow metal. But whether this feeling was really so powerful as Herr Ludwig thinks, we are inclined, respectfully, to doubt. None the less, Herr Ludwig has produced, with this clue to help him, a most interesting and tolerably uniform account of a man as various as Dryden's Zimri himself.

Schliemann was appreciated in England long before he gained any regard in Germany. It is therefore appropriate that this translation should be published before the original. Mr. Tait has done his work well: there are no slips that can be detected

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without an inspection of the German. In the next edition, however, a glance should be bestowed on the Homeric mottoes that precede the chapters. They contain some of the most astonishing Greek it has ever been our lot to read.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

Joshua, Judges. By JOHN GARSTANG. Constable. 20s.

Among the many merits of this book one of the chief is this, that the distinguished archæologist who is its author has availed himself to the full of the labours of the linguistic scholars. Archæology and criticism, which ought never to have been separated, here meet. Dr. Garstang knows that both Joshua and Judges are composite works, and that the older strata, commonly known by the symbols J and E, are of much higher historical value than the later, known as D and P. Though he thinks there may be some genuine tradition in D and P, he wisely confines himself to the others, and undertakes to show that these writers, when tested by the results of archæological investigation, prove to be remarkably accurate historians—nay, that probably they wrote with documentary evidence before them. That they contradict each other in detail is only what we might expect, and is really an argument in favour of their honesty.

Observing the alternations of "oppression" and "rest" in the Judges story, Dr. Garstang notes that these correspond in a striking manner with the alternations in Egyptian history. When Palestine has "rest," the Pharaohs are asserting their supremacy; when "oppression" is rampant, we read the despatch of some Egyptian procurator crying out piteously to Pharaoh to strengthen the garrisons. On this basis we can construct something like a system of chronology, which is confirmed, on the whole, by excavation. The date of the fall of Jericho may thus be fixed at about 1400 B.C., and subsequent events can be roughly dated accordingly. Excavation, indeed, throws an almost too vivid light on the Biblical narrative. We read "They took the city and burnt it with fire;" and the same words are read, three thousand years later, in the blackened ruins of the unhappy village. If Jericho was put to the "herem"—consecrated to Yahweh—the marks of the herem are still plainly visible. If she was rebuilt by Hiel, the signs of Hiel's work are there to-day.

It may be that at times Dr. Garstang's confidence in his authorities borders on credulity. He seems to believe that Joshua really lived a hundred and ten years. If so, we have a captain of eighty rushing on his foe with the demoniac energy of Napoleon at twenty-six. Not all, again, will agree with Dr. Garstang in treating Caleb as a man rather than as a tribe, or in trusting the figures scattered through E's narrative. But these are trifles. The book makes the history live, and of its surpassing interest there can be no question. With the help of its maps, illustrations, and text, we follow the tale as we follow Napier or Sir John Fortescue. We track the ancient general as he plans the ambush against Ai, as he negotiates with the Gibeonites, as he storms the entrenched camp of Hazer, as he pursues the routed kings after the triumph of Beth-horon. The night of the past almost becomes day; a new sun stands still on Gibeon, and a new moon in the valley of Ajalon. The rhythm of Mr. Chesterton's poem is echoed again and again in these pages.

SHORTER NOTICES

Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts. By RALPH ADAMS CRAM. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

Introducing this re-issue of a book first published in 1905, Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, the American architect, tells us that it was written "under the influence of great and, I still think, justifiable enthusiasm." This enthusiasm must have been gratifying to the Japanese, and in so far as it led to a hearty admiration of their architecture and allied arts, was entirely "justifiable." It is in his more oracular moments that Dr. Cram invites criticism. "Art," he tells us, "is absolute beauty: without this there is no art. It is also much more, but this is the beginning, even if it is not the end." He can put Velasquez before Michelangelo and mention the latter in the same breath as Sargent. Dr. Cram is at his best in his comments on Japanese domestic architecture, so closely related to our present-day taste, which lays much stress on space, simplicity, light, air and cleanliness. Our architects and decorators still have something to learn in these matters, and they may well learn from Japan, for the Japanese house is in many ways a model of convenience, taste and elegance. The illustrations, fifty-five in number, are very well chosen, but might well have included a photograph of the Kabuki-za in Tokyo, as an example of a compromise between old forms and new materials.

Memoirs of a Polyglot. By W. GERHARDI. Duckworth. 18s.

In this bad book Mr. Gerhardi follows the bad fashion of Miss Ethel Mannin, and turns his acquaintances, possibly his friends, into small-talk paragraphs. Of what value is it to know that he asked Miss Mannin to remove her overcoat, that Mr. Lloyd George could not remember the name of a novel, that he calls Lord Beaverbrook "Max," or that he had the execrable taste to retail to Mr. Middleton Murry a criticism of his wife? Mr. Gerhardi says he did this out of "pure devilry"—he is mistaken, the devil is a gentleman. This is a miserable work for the author of *Futility* to write: it makes one wonder how much of that novel was "taken from life"—from this book one would not suspect that Mr. Gerhardi knew anything at all about men and women. It has the unconvincing actuality of a posed photograph.

Modern Dutch Buildings. By F. R. YERBURY. Benn. 32s. 6d.

Here is a notable record of Dutch architecture of recent years. The Dutch, as might be expected from their genius, are free from that fantastic spirit which has moved so many people to the making of unsuitable buildings—banks like churches, churches like cannon, or houses like tulips or tombs. From Mr. Yerbury's excellent photographs we can tell how strictly the best buildings in modern Amsterdam are subordinate to their purpose; there is an absence of fuss and false sprightliness. Some of the factory buildings err on the side of severity, realising too poignantly the prison-like aspect of modern industrialism; but the plans given here for schools, shops and private houses are astonishingly pleasant and appropriate.

Beekeeping in Antiquity. By H. MALCOLM FRASER. University of London Press. 4s. 6d.

Mr. Malcolm Fraser, in a short introduction to his history of beekeeping during the classical period in Greece and Rome, says that "such a work must necessarily be more or less a compilation." His book is scholarly and well supported by notes and a bibliography of works referred to, and has some apt and interesting illustrations; but it never loses sight of the point of view of the modern beekeeper. There is a general chapter on beekeeping in mythology, and a concluding account of honey, wax and mead. The ancient authors are taken in turn, and very pertinent is Mr. Malcolm Fraser's suggestion, since Virgil had been a beekeeper and was a great nature-poet, that the *quality* of the bee-references "might well be used as a test of the genuineness of Virgil's works."

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The Caliph of Bagdad: O. Henry. By R. H. DAVIS and A. B. MAURICE. Appleton. 12s. 6d.

This book on O. Henry adds little of importance to our knowledge of one of the best of American short-story writers. Everyone who is interested in the lives of American authors knows that Henry's name was Sydney Porter, that he was in a bank, and was sent to gaol for defalcations of which he was finally proved innocent. What we should like to know is the effect on Porter of his experience, how far it encouraged in him his gift for story-telling, and how far the discipline of gaol provoked the irregularity of his later life. There are some new letters in this book, and some photographs; also some notes on O. Henry's daughter and second wife. But on the whole this is a disappointing work.

Silver: The Life Story of an Atlantic Salmon. By R. L. HAIG-BROWN. Black. 3s. 6d.

This is a delightful book, written in prose as limpid and radiant as the shallows of the hill-stream where Silver began his life, and charmingly illustrated by Capt. J. P. Moreton. The impress of wonder is upon it, and the author has the secret of combining a love and feeling for nature, visible in every paragraph, with a scientific knowledge about salmon which is both fascinating and informative. Nor does he risk the error of so many writers of nature stories by allowing Silver to talk, but manages to invest him with a personality without making him into a person. We feel Silver's sensations from the moment he is hatched until, wounded by the black seal, with anger in his brain he struggles at the waterfall for the last time. Silver's life and adventures may be recommended to all who have their "eye-balls vex'd and tired," and to practically any child above ten.

The Archæology of Berkshire. By HAROLD PEAKE. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

Berkshire, as Mr. Peake points out, has few monuments of outstanding importance; nevertheless, it is rich in portable antiquities, and all the peoples who have inhabited England are well represented by tools, weapons, and pottery, while the late-comers have left us in addition their currency, from the iron currency—bars found in Wayland's Smithy—to British and Roman coins. Mr. Peake first describes the physical geography of the county and then goes on to deal with its archæology through the various ages down to the Norman Conquest. If Berkshire boasts no great Roman Camp, it possesses the most famous Long Barrow in the country in Wayland's Smithy, which has not yet been fully explored, for the end slab appears to be a roofing slab that has slipped down, and it may be that the passage continued beyond it. The book is well illustrated, and is provided with several useful maps.

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About Motoring

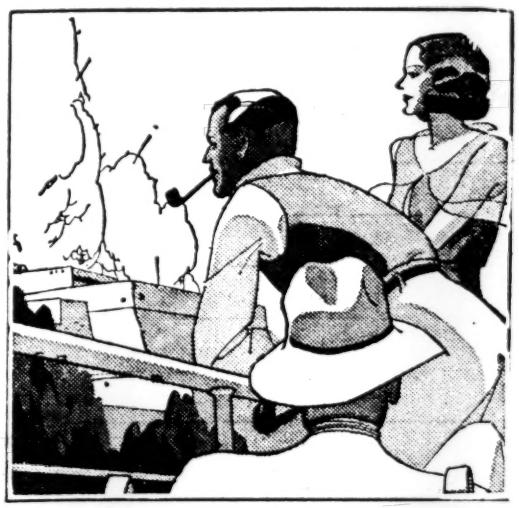
IMAGINATION

At first sight there is nothing in common between driving a motor car and play-writing. Once upon a time the two occupations were certainly poles asunder. But, just as nobody can produce a good play unless he possesses sufficient sympathy and imagination to invade the minds of all sorts and conditions of men, so a motorist without imagination is unlikely to cover many miles without accident. On Bank Holiday I drove up to a four-way road junction in a seaside town. All four roads were packed solid with power vehicles, ranging from the most Lilliputian of motor cycles up to the most leviathan coach, which could not hope to swing the corner without taking somebody else's "water," as a rowing man might put it. Each road contained a continuous double stream of traffic, and separate vehicles in each of the eight different streams were all turning different ways at the junction. There was neither a robot signal nor a motor scout, nor a point policeman. Judging from the agonised expression on the faces of some of the drivers (especially the ladies), the traffic included a fair proportion of novices. Each separate driver in the eight separate streams might—as far as any other driver knew—be inspired by one of three distinct intentions, namely, to proceed straight ahead, or to turn right, or to turn left. Indeed, I might even add a fourth intention, as some of our less sophisticated novices are quite capable of stopping and parking their cars outside a café on such a corner, unless forcibly restrained by the police. It follows that there was a most horrible tangle, which lasted throughout most of the busy hours of the day; but as far as I know there was only one heavy collision. Oddly enough, the culprit in this smash was possibly one of the most experienced drivers who passed that way on August 3rd. And the cause bears on my fancied comparison. He was driving a borrowed car which was fitted with its brake and accelerator pedals reversed by comparison with his own car. Its designer lacked the imagination to realise that it is blatant idiocy not to standardise the relative positions of two controls, one of which produces a stop, whilst the other produces acceleration. The driver was equally at fault in taking out such a car on Bank Holiday of all days without schooling his mind to remember the reversal in all tight corners.

Needless to say, an imaginative man will approach such a maelstrom palpitating with precautions. He will proceed at a crawl, so that he can checkmate any external recklessness by a crash stop within a foot or two. He will engage his lowest gear, so that he may swerve as violently and immediately as possible if anybody behaves foolishly. He will exaggerate all his signalling to the point of absurdity, aware how many foci are liable to distract the gaze of other drivers in such a mix-up. If he has a stop lamp, he will add the arm stop signal, in case the driver astern overlooks his lamp. If he has an indicating arrow he will again add the arm signal with extreme ostentation.

It is not only in traffic whirlpools that imagination is required. In country lanes a good many drivers will tackle the blindish twists rather gaily. They argue that the road is wide enough for two cars, and that even if there is a lively fool approaching from behind the angled hedge, they can squeeze close up to their near side, and scrape through. Two smashes, at least, on Bank Holiday were ascribable to no other cause. In the one the gambler rounded his corner to find the road full of sheep from hedge to hedge for a distance of some sixty yards. In the other he met a coach full of beanfeasters. There was barely room in the lane for a coach and a private saloon to squeeze past each other on the straights, with a matter of inches between them, and their outer edges tickling the brambles. But this coach was swinging for the bend. The car hooted and the coach hooted; but the intervening hedges and the wind prevented either of them from hearing the other's warning.

Perhaps the analogy as to imagination holds just as good between the motorist and the poet. For the poet sings of things, while the dramatist is mainly concerned with people; and the motorist must ply his imagination on things as well as on personalities. For example, the danger of skidding is more pronounced on certain types of road in summer than in winter. In the winter months heavy rain is tolerably frequent, and, in this country, light rain is more or less continuous through the



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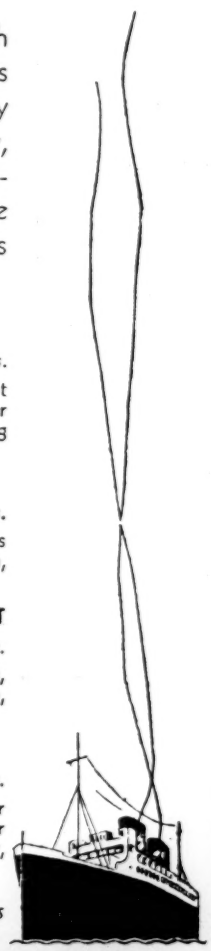

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17, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

winter. Consequently, the surface of the road is likely to be washed clean in winter; and the coefficient of friction between a tarred road and tyres is good when the tarred road is cleanly wet. But in summer a road is washed less regularly by Nature. It often amasses a greasy skin, compounded of oil droppings, rubber dust abraded off our tyres, manure, dust and tar exudations. This skin is not enough to produce skidding when the road is dry. But if the greasy skin is moistened by showers, and then partially dried, a skiddy surface results which is at least as perilous as the film of wet fallen leaves, which we have all learnt to treat with genuine respect in autumn.

A simpler lack of imagination produced two more crashes this week-end, both due to stupid overtaking. A driver on a powerful car was fidgeting behind a slower car on a long twisting hill up narrowish lanes. No safe opportunity to pass had occurred for a mile or two, and he was growing rather impatient. So he adopted the method of sitting on the tail of the other car until a hundred yards of good visibility should permit him to slip past. The front driver presently missed a gear, and the rear car cannoned into him. The other overtaking collision disfigured two good cars without damaging either of them seriously. The place was lonely, and the road not too wide. The front driver had a charming girl beside him, and the happy pair imagined that they were isolated in that particular corner of the universe. The rear driver rashly assumed that the man ahead would possess a mirror, and would be watching it. So he endeavoured to shoot past without a precautionary hoot. At the psychological moment some transient beauty or some gracious word inspired the man ahead to seek a fleeting caress, and he swerved outward just as the overtaking bonnet drew level with him.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that 80 per cent. of road accidents are due to sheer lack of imagination. It is easier to observe such traits than to suggest a constructive remedy. Are we to prescribe for the embryo motorist a course in imaginative literature from Edgar Allan Poe to Bram Stoker? Or should the youth of the nation be taught to play poker as part of the school curriculum?

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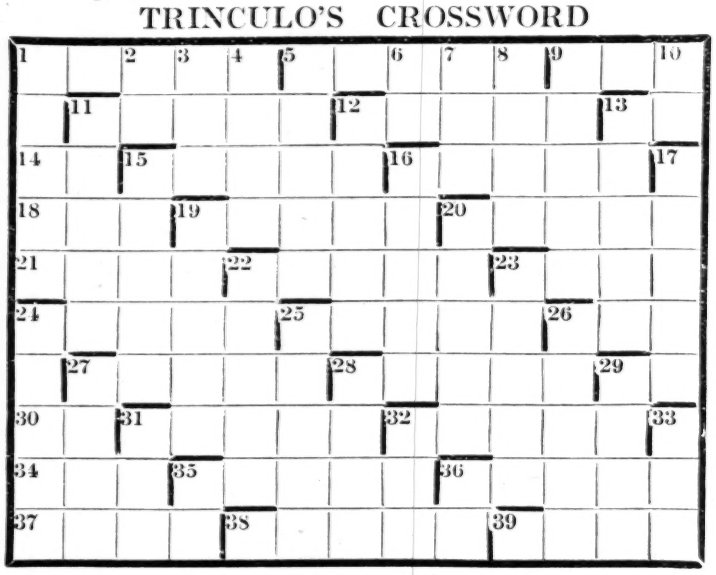
Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



HERRING-BONE

ACROSS.

1. My plural is nicer to contemplate than my singular.
5. Father to Miss Mannin's better half.
9. Depressing I make instinctively for cruelty.
11. Scene of a last-minute vision of a Dacian mother.
12. There won't be a flight from my pound.
13. Scratch with me and 29 *ac*.
14. Muddled invective with 2 *dn*.
15. A star and I lead you heavenwards.
16. Useful backwards.
18. Small enough and rum enough too.
19. There are three others with 30.
20. Isn't she bountiful?
21. Defunct and decomposed.
22. Mr. Douglas's wind.
23. Wood you can get from roast beef.
24. Sounds like a match, and pulsates.
25. A tree that suggests the decapitation of Mr. Parker's comparative.
26. Swallowed, goddess.
27. Belted, but no earl.
28. Reverse those squabbles.
29. See 13 *ac*.
30. Nearly XXII VII.
31. Comic in a Yankee paper.
32 *rev*. Horace's monument will outlast me.
34. Sick around Chicago.
35. You might try to do this on a scooter.
36. Browning's had a very precarious perch.
37. Ditch that becomes a detective after the habitat of 36 *ac*.
38. To get my opposite, rearrange my letters.
39. Performed in apostolic succession.

DOWN.

1. Try my restaurant if you're "stranded."
2. See 14 *ac*.
3. I'll soon see to you, you puppy.
4. I can see through this one upside down.
5. A little-known form of bridge.
6. Hurl invective after 2 *dn. rev*.
7. Top of a summer resort.
8. All over.
9. We put this one in for the rabbits.
10. Comital honorific.
11. The poet's contribution to electricity.
12. ogstar.
13. Fraud that ends glowingly.
15. Artistic ox.
16. Appropriately enough, reversed.
17. Normally abnormal.
19. A let-in for you.
20. Too many spoil the bouillon.
22 *rev*. You'll find King's is a termination.
23. Result of a collision.
24. Ko-ko's enthusiasm for his bride.
25. On and on, and I'm still the middle one.
26 *rev*. Magna fui at Runnymede.
27. In the manner of Mr. Heep.
28. Sometimes a mixed vermouth.
29. Part of what's pretty familiar.
31. I'm not in this silk business now.
32. It isn't it is without an apostrophe.
33. The reverse of cunning.
35. Environs of Penge.
36. Environs of Forest Hill.

BRIDGE

Hand No. XVIII. Defensive Overbid of One in a Suit.

North:		East:	
♠ K Q 4 3	♥ J 6	♠ A 7 6 2	♥ 8 2
♦ 9 7 5	♣ A 8 5 3	♦ Q 3 2	♣ Q J 9 4
West:		**South:**	
♠ 9 5	♥ K Q 9 4 3	♠ J 10 8	♥ A 10 7 5
♦ 10 6 4	♣ K 10 7	♦ A K J 8	♣ 6 2

Score: Love all. South deals.

The Bidding: South - - 1 ♦ West - - 1 ♥ All Pass

Notes on the bidding: Second player, when not vulnerable, can bid *one* of a suit on (1) a 5 card biddable suit and about 1½ Honour-tricks or (2) a 4 card biddable suit and about 2 Honour-tricks. East, to continue the bidding, should have a rather stronger hand than is here shown. In play, West ought just to make his contract.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD (with notes and explanations in brackets).

ACROSS.—1. Charles Stuart. 13. aero. 14. arice (Erica). 15. ersh (Hare). 16. patter. 17. eels (lees). 18. cto (O.T.C.). 19. aviator. 20. ngu (gun; gnu). 21. stm (Mts). 22. (Edna) Best. 23. unreal. 24. rya (Ayr). 25. later (l-ate-r). 27. (c)easeless. 29. Aristotelian (*Fanny's First Play*). 33. Nice. 35. iuo (oui; i.o.u.). 36. tea. 38. (Water)loo. 39. Celt (the Celtic fringe). 41. csar (R.A.S.C.). 42. Elmer (Gantry). 43. Alexander Pope.

DOWN.—1. Capablanca. 2. heave (he-ave). 3. artistic. 4. rotates. 5. laet (teal). 6. erroneous. 7. sierra. 8. scenes. 9. telgae (eaglet). 10. arcs. 11. Ratty (*The Wind in the Willows*). 12. Thomas More (witho-*ut opia*-tes). 15. esulli (illuse). 23. urtica (the stinging nettle). 24. realm. 26. Ariel. 28. snoep (peons = pawns). 30. Toad. 31. etre. 32. leer (reel). 37. Alp ("*Happy is England.*") 40, 34. le-et.

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CHURCH ARMY
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR.

THE DEFENCE OF STERLING—THE GERMAN OUTLOOK—HOME RAILWAY PROSPECTS—AN EXCHANGE IN FOREIGN BONDS.

AT last the Central Banks have got together—and in defence of sterling. The credit of £50,000,000 extended by the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to the Bank of England has been received with mixed feelings in the City. It cannot be said to have aroused any enthusiasm. The City had always scouted the idea of a separate credit arrangement with France, not so much because it feared the attachment of political conditions to the grant, but because it felt certain that the Federal Reserve Bank of New York would have been prepared to extend an almost unlimited credit on its own. It is now recognised, however, that a joint Franco-American credit was probably dictated by politics. If a huge American credit had been announced with a flourish of City trumpets, the French press would have screamed with horror at the appearance of an Anglo-Saxon *bloc*, which would undoubtedly have caused a further panicky withdrawal of French balances from London. The City must remember that even American credits are not inexhaustible, and that unfriendly French banks can do a great deal of monetary damage. Let us, therefore, extend our welcome to this act of banking statesmanship and our congratulations to Sir Robert Kindersley who conducted the Paris negotiations. But sterling is not yet safe. The import season may be faced with equanimity ; but will foreign bankers hold to their confidence in London ? Can the man-in-the-street go on repeating his catch-phrase : " As safe as the Bank of England " ?

* * *

Do not let us pretend that our soundness is never questioned abroad. Ugly things are being said—that we have used good French and American money to make big profits in relending to Central Europe, and that when Central Europe tottered we squealed and had to run to our creditors for help. There is some truth in the taunt. The solvency of Germany and of some London acceptance houses is now linked together. That the Bank of England takes a serious view of the situation is proved by the fact that it has raised its discount rate by 1 per cent. two weeks in succession. Nor should the Stock Exchange pride itself on its calm behaviour in these weeks of crisis. It is in the position of a householder who, alarmed by burglars, wakes up to find himself staring into the barrel of a revolver and hearing the threat : " Move and I'll shoot." If the professional gentlemen on the Stock Exchange had made a move to unload their holdings, they would have been "shot at" from every quarter. The stock markets would have collapsed under the fire of foreign selling orders. Calmness on the part of London brokers was, therefore, a necessity first and a virtue only as an afterthought. As for Germany, the restoration of confidence makes slow progress. The Dutch and Swiss creditors have not yet come to an arrangement regarding their short-term loans and appear strangely unwilling to save their American and British competitors. In Berlin the commercial and banking community seem to have lost all their confidence in the Reichsbank. A Central Bank which allows an important institution like the Darmstadter and National Bank to close its doors does not make itself popular. Can you conceive the Bank of England allowing one of our " big five " to collapse ?

* * *

Last week I dealt with the slump in the Argentine railway stocks and deferred the equally depressing subject of home railway stocks to the needs of a brighter paragraph. But the home railways have forced themselves on our pity by a series of miserable dividend declarations. The dividends are shown, in comparison with the 1930 rates, in the following table of ordinary stock values :

	Highest Prices.		Present Price.	Dividends.		
	1930.	1931.		1930 Interim.	Final.	1931 Interim.
L.M. & S.R.	57½	34	15	1%	1%	Nil
L. & N.E.R. :						
5% Pf. ord.	39	17⅞	8½	Nil	1¼%	Nil
Def. ord.	13½	6⅜	3½	Nil	Nil	Nil
G.W.R.	94	69½	42½	2½%	3½%	1½%
S.R., 5% : Pf. ord. ..	76¾	66½	48½	2½%	2½%	1½%
Def. ord. ..	32⅛	23⅜	11	Nil	1¼%	Nil

The Great Western interim dividend of 1½ per cent. perhaps exceeded expectations, but its payment involves a transfer from reserves. The London and North Eastern is paying the half-yearly dividends on the first preference and 5 per cent. redeemable preference stocks, also after a transfer from general reserve, while consideration of the second preference stock dividend is, as usual, postponed until the end of the year. The London Midland & Scottish directors seem to suggest that their preference stock dividends will not fully be earned. The cut in the interim dividend on the Southern 5 per cent. preferred ordinary stock from 2½ per cent. to 1½ per cent. was an unpleasant shock, but is excused by the fact that an additional £3,000,000 Guaranteed preference stock, issued in April, 1930, now ranks for dividends. The explanatory statements of net earnings, which accompanied the dividend announcements (the directors having gracefully bowed to the storm of the demand for more publicity) were, on the whole, less depressing than we had reason to anticipate. All the companies have effected further economies and saved approximately two-thirds of their gross traffic losses. Moreover, in the second half of the year their savings will be proportionately greater, seeing that the 2½ per cent. cut in wages under the National Wages Board award only took effect from March 26th of this year. That the companies should still be able to produce substantial economies from within their own organisation is a sad reflection on past railway administration.

* * *

What results can we expect for the year in the home railway accounts ? An elaborate calculation has been prepared by the *Financial News* which has provided me with the basis for the following conclusions. The London, Midland and Scottish will earn nothing on its ordinary stock and very little on its 4% (1923) second preference stock. The London and North Eastern will cover the whole of its 4 per cent. first preference and 5 per cent. redeemable preference dividends, but will be short of its dividends on the 4 per cent. second preference stock. The Southern, in spite of the directors' caution, will be able to earn the full 5 per cent. on its preferred ordinary ; while the Great Western will cover all its prior charges and show a balance of 2¼ per cent. or 2½ per cent. on its ordinary stock. The position of the suspected preference stocks is deplorable in the extreme.

	Price.	Potential Yield, %.
L.M.S. 4% first preference	40½	£10 5 0
L.M.S. 4% 2nd preference, 1923	31½	13 6 6
L. & N.E. Rly., 4% 1st preference	40	10 8 0
L. & N.E. Rly., 4% 2nd preference	20½	19 10 0

These are trustee securities. Yet we would be justified in transferring two of them from an investment list to our list of " rubbish " securities. Could we imagine any better illustration of the farcical nature of the Trustee Acts ? With an enormous national expenditure on the roads and with a huge electrification scheme for the railways under Cabinet consideration, it is only a matter of time before the Government is compelled to assume control of our main line railways. Few stockholders will regret the change.

* * *

Odd things happen in the foreign bond market. Before the flight of domestic capital from Germany was stopped, there was a good deal of buying on German account of the leading Scandinavian Government loans. For example, the Denmark 4 per cent. 1912 sterling loan, redeemable by 1971, has been forced up to nearly 97, at which the yield is only 4.13 per cent. On the other hand, Denmark 4½ per cent. dollar loan, redeemable in 1962, apparently escaped the attention of the nervous German, and, at 95, returns a yield of nearly 4¾ per cent. Here is an obvious exchange for investors who hold the sterling loan. There is another "switch" which may appeal to the holders of some of the defaulted South American bonds—Chilean, Peruvian or Bolivian. Colombia 6 per cent. dollar loan, redeemable in 1961, was recently forced up to nearly 70 and has now fallen to 55. The explanation of this curious behaviour is to be found in the passing of a Colombian law which requires insurance companies operating in Colombia to deposit Colombian Government securities in place of British War Loan or United States Victory Bonds. This caused the insurance companies to buy Colombian 6 per cent. 1961 and other issues in a narrow market. The effect on the market prices was volcanic ; and when the buying ended the price of the 6 per cent. 1961 issue relapsed to 55, at which the yield is nearly 11 per cent. I would add that Colombia is not expected to default. She has benefited from the coffee valorisation policy of Brazil. Coffee, oil and bananas represent over 90 per cent. of her exports. There was a small deficit on her international account in 1930, but this year a favourable balance is estimated. The use of the gold reserves, which are ample, has enabled the Central Bank to maintain the exchange at parity. The Government's American and London bankers may be relied on to uphold sound financial practices.

London Amusements

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All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

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DALY'S.	FLORODORA.	Wed. and Sat.
DUKE OF YORK'S.	LONDON WALL.	W. & T.
GAIETY.	THE MILLIONAIRE KID.	Fri.
GLOBE.	THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	STAND UP AND SING.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
PHŒNIX.	LATE NIGHT FINAL.	Wed. & Thurs.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S.
SAVOY.	DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE.	Mon. & Thurs.
ST. MARTIN'S.	LEAN HARVEST.	Tues., Fri.
STRAND.	IT'S A BOY.	Tues. & Thurs.
WHITEHALL.	TAKE A CHANCE.	Mon. & Wed.

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YOU CAN HELP by sending your **5/- TO-DAY**, and remembering the Life-Boats in your Will.
They depend entirely on voluntary contributions.
THE EARL OF HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* SIR GEORGE SHEE, *Secretary.*
PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.